

# The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.  
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MISS LETTY LIND AS DAISY VANE IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

*"The fellows call me Daisy, Little Daisy with the Dimple."*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## IN MEMORY OF CORNEY GRAIN AND ALFRED GERMAN REED.

In one week London has lost two of its most popular humorists—Corney Grain and Alfred German Reed. They had, for a quarter of a century, been united as friends and partners, and in their death they were not divided. With a heart saddened by their loss, I write brief tributes to the memory of these twin brethren, who gave such wholesome joy to so many thousands.

## ALFRED GERMAN REED,

who died on Sunday, March 10, was forty-eight years old, and for twenty years he has been one of the attractions to St. George's Hall, Langham Place. Over the door might be seen his name and that of "Richard Corney Grain" as the responsible managers of German Reed's entertainment. And once inside the lobby, you saw on the walls various clever pictures of both these gentlemen in popular impersonations. The moment when the portly form of Alfred German Reed made its welcome appearance on the stage was always the signal for prolonged applause, and while he was "on" there was always plenty of laughter. Son of the founders of German Reed's Entertainment, he had a taste for engineering, and became an apprentice at the great works of John Penn and Sons, Greenwich. There also was the young man who was afterwards to become one of the most distinguished black-and-white artists of the day—Mr. Linley Sambourne; in fact, I fancy he told me that it was partly through Alfred Reed's admiration of his companion's sketching that his drawings were ultimately submitted to the Editor of *Punch*. Alfred went to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, where he took various small parts. Meanwhile the Entertainment had moved from St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre (where, by-the-bye, Mr. Santley made his London début), to the cosy St. George's Hall, Langham Place. An accident in the hunting-field to Mr. German Reed senior gave his son the chance to show how far he had inherited the dramatic talent of his father and mother. His was not an instantaneous success; rather, it was the gradual growth earned by hard, painstaking work. In those early days of his career, his companions, beyond the then slim Corney Grain, included Miss Fanny Holland, of whose bright piquancy one never tires, and Mr. Arthur Cecil. Since he became co-manager, Mr. Alfred Reed had much more to do than merely act. To him fell the consideration of new pieces, and at rehearsals many were the suggestions he would make for their improvement. My memory of this genial man stretches back for a good many years, and every one of the later pieces in which he played is recalled by the sad news of his death. He studied life in all its whimsical aspects, and when he was "cast" for a new part he made a point of working up the business from a living example. Thus, in that pretty vaudeville "The Verger," how naturally he posed as the garrulous guide who hated to be interrupted! How indignant he was when his phrase about "the Bishop's brass" was jocularly misinterpreted! I can remember distinctly the "gag" which he added as the "run" went on, for Mr. Reed used to think of all sorts of quaint, humorous remarks, which occasionally embarrassed his colleagues. While he was on the stage every eye was fixed on him, and his by-play was watched with intense delight. While he usually appeared in such parts as a waiter, a commercial traveller, a British workman, yet he never became vulgar in the slightest degree. One of his most effective rôles was that of an old gardener, who kept on remarking to his young mistress, "Ah, the world's very like a garden!" I don't know if it was the author or Alfred German Reed himself who added, "Yes, the world's very like a garden—so many of the fairest flowers are tied up to old sticks!" That sentiment used always to produce laughter. Another clever impersonation was as Mr. Baggs, a commercial traveller in everything. It was quite pathetic to see his eagerness in attempting to do business with everyone, and his anxiety that his meat-lozenges should be tried. In "Carnival Time," Mr. Reed was an ideal tourist, with his contempt for the ignorant foreigner who could not understand his French nor speak English. He would very slowly demand from the waiter "A glass of Bass's pale ale," "Basso pale ale"—going through all possible imitations of a man swallowing the same. Mr. Reed revelled in "Killiecrumper," a piece the scene of which, it will be remembered, was laid in a Scotch castle. His constant specific, "When the heart is aye depressed, there's naething in the world like a wee bit skirl on the bagpipes," used to amuse "Caledonians stern and wild" as much as Londoners. Nor must his excellent playing of "Old Knockles" be forgotten. The way in which he took the audience into his confidence was as funny as it was artistic. And in that smart little piece, "In Possession," he was also very humorous, his determination to receive full "legal tender" in tips being most laughable. In the musical portion of the entertainment he would take his part, although his voice was not very well adapted for solos! In almost the last piece in which he appeared, Mr. Reed was a carpenter, and his indignation at dictation from his employer, and indeed, all his work, was extremely amusing. In the last piece, "Melodramania," which was produced a week before Christmas, he had not much opportunity for displaying his particular genius of character-sketching, nor did he seem in good health. Shortly afterwards his part was taken by Mr. Nye Chart, and the audiences who so enjoyed their old favourite saw him no more at St. George's Hall. He was "a fellow of infinite jest," yet always careful not to offend the susceptibilities of his audiences, being guided by the consideration of a kindly heart. He had more title to fame than many much-advertised actors. His mother survives her gifted son, and condolence with her will be general.

## RICHARD CORNEY GRAIN,

who died on Saturday, March 16, was born on Oct. 26, 1844. He was the son of a Cambridgeshire rector, and very early in life showed an amusing talent for mimicry as well as decided ability as a pianist. He was, like his brother, Mr. J. P. Grain, called to the Bar, but, unlike him, practised little. The date on which Mr. Grain used to state he became an entertainer was May 16, 1870, and henceforward he was associated with his colleague, Alfred German Reed, in the management of German Reed's entertainment. At the beginning and at the end of his career in connection with St. George's Hall, Corney Grain took part in the acting as well as contributing to the programme his unique musical sketches. But it is chiefly in the latter sphere that the public knew him best. He was the favourite entertainer of every class of society. Fresh from his arduous work in Langham Place, he would drive to a reception given by a Duchess, and satirise in his delightful way the foibles of the very people who were applauding him, or he would take train to some country house where his arrival would be hailed with a welcome that never grew cold. A very hard-working artist was he, causing a certain Jehu on the cab-rank outside St. George's Hall to say that "Stanley in Darkest Africa



Photo by Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

was nothing to Corney Grain for travelling." Then, too, he was always so willing to give his services in a good cause, and many a hospital has rung with unwonted laughter at the merry sallies of Corney Grain, who would give the patients two hours of undiluted fun. He told me that, of all his audiences, he loved best a hall of boys, and Eton, Charterhouse, Cranleigh, and other public schools, supplied splendid examples of a "moving" appreciation. His sketches exceeded forty, an extraordinary record for twenty-five years, and his songs could be counted by the score. He was genuinely humorous, and yet his satire never became cynical or his fun in any way vulgar. He held up a faithful mirror to the fashionable follies of the day; and that mirror was so polished that the public was surprised into laughter by its truthful reflection of absurdities. He managed to please everyone, from the bishop who expressed himself as "not only amused, but edified," downwards through every rank of society. One remembers his "Song of the Slavey," his pathetic account of the ragamuffin who gazed through the window at a West-End dinner-party, his merry tirade against the *train-de-luxe*, his imitation of the chairman proposing "The Queen," his subtle study of the school-boy Tommy's contest with Fräulein; and oh! so many more clever examples of Corney Grain's observation and power to see the humorous side of things. He was a fine pianist, although he suffered his talent to be obscured to a certain extent by merely playing accompaniments. I recall a little incident bearing on his skill at the piano. There was a pause at a Society "At Home," and I asked Corney Grain if he would play something—not humorous. "What, a piece like a school-girl plays?" said he. "Yes," said I, "but better than a school-girl." So he sat down, and soon the drawing-room chatter subsided into silence as he gave an exquisite rendering of one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte."

And now he lies dead, leaving behind him the pleasant memory of one who bade dull care begone, and, as was said of Charles Dickens, "sent a ring of merry laughter round the wide, wide world." D. W.



THE LATE ALFRED GERMAN REED IN SOME OF HIS CHARACTERS.



AS "OLD KNOCKLES."

Photograph by H. H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.



AS JOHN BIGG IN "WANTED, AN HEIR."

Photograph by H. H. H. Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.



AS THOMAS KILLIECRUMPER IN "KILLIECRUMPER."

From a sketch by Lockhart Bogle.



AS THOMAS TROTTER IN "IN POSSESSION."

From a sketch by Lockhart Bogle.



## "THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH."

"Such a union as ours," said the woman, "would be nobler and more courageous if it were—if it were devoid of passion."

The man looked at her in amazement, then almost in mockery. Her idea seemed ridiculous.

"Mad Agnes," daughter of the famous agitator John Thorold, and herself popular on park platforms as Socialist speaker, then wife of Mr. Ebbsmith, barrister, for eight years, during the first of which he treated her "like a woman in a harem," while afterwards, till his death, he used her like a beast of burden, had immense power over Lucas Cleeve, but she was straining it too far. Lucas was deeply in love with her, as deeply as lay in his nature. She had found him lying ill at Rome, dangerously ill of Roman fever, brought on in part by his separation from an "unsympathetic" wife, whom he had married for love and quitted through hate. Agnes nursed him tenderly and devotedly, and brought him back to life and love. In Venice the two had set up their camp. The force of her will had made him consent to give up his brilliant political career, and become a Socialist agitator and write against "the seething-pit marriage." They were to live together defiantly, openly, as an example of the strength and nobility of free union. It was hard to ask Lucas to ruin his career for such a self-denying life, but for a week he accepted her views. The week was dangerous for her, because Cleeve's family had sent over the Duke of St. Olpherts—a crafty, cynical debauchee—to get Lucas away from the notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith. Feeling irritated that the Duke was in Venice, and fearing that her hold upon her platonic lover was slipping, Agnes asked the Duke to call upon her. In their interview, "Mad Agnes" learnt a great deal about the character of Lucas, and noted the incautious suggestion of the old peer that the young man was primarily a sensualist and a lover of the beautiful.

The result of this interview was curious. Agnes found that her feelings were not what she believed, discovered that she had come to love Lucas in the "common, helpless way of women," and "that her sex had found her out." She felt that she could not live without him, and yet all their schemes of noble companionship and eager work together as social reformers were impossible. So she resolved to be purely and simply a woman. She began by becoming coquettish, dressed her splendid hair carefully, put on a gorgeous but unbecoming, ugly, *décolletée* dinner-gown, and made Lucas thoroughly happy by her womanliness.

However, the Duke was not so easily baffled. Moreover, Mrs. Grundy had powerful allies in Mrs. Thorpe, a charming widow, who had taken a great fancy to Agnes, and in the widow's brother, the Rev. Amos Winterfield. These two were anxious to get Agnes to give up her irregular relations. The Duke brought the *de jure* Mrs. Cleeve to Venice, and a proposal was made that Lucas should return to England and politics, should be nominally reconciled to his wife, and dwell with her, though on "Le Maître de Forges" terms. Agnes was to come, too, and take a suburban villa, and be a kind of Aspasia at Putney or Peckham, sanctioned by Mrs. Cleeve.

When Agnes, at the prompting of the Duke, but hoping, praying for an indignant refusal, named this humiliating proposal to Lucas, he showed that it met his views and wishes. Even then the poor, passionate woman clung to the man, and resolved to accept the degrading situation. Mrs. Thorpe and the parson indignantly urged her to come away with them and live in their house in Yorkshire. She refused, brutally. He offered her a Bible with their address in it, and, on her declining to touch it, Mrs. Thorpe told her that she was afraid of the book. "Mad Agnes" passionately threw it into the fire. A moment later she picked it out of the flames, clutched it to her bosom, and went to the lodgings of Mrs. Thorpe. An effort of Mrs. Cleeve to get Agnes to continue her influence over Lucas failed, after a momentary success, and so, too, his attempts to persuade her to come back to him on any terms. So "Mad Agnes" went away with the parson and his sister to live with them in their Yorkshire home, and what became of her no one knows.

A powerful, painful, unsatisfactory play is Mr. Pinero's new work, with a weak last act and a tricky *coup de théâtre* in the Bible episode which forms the curtain of the third act that seems unworthy of him. No doubt, under the glamour of "first night" excitement, the sight of the agnostic burning her hand in plucking the book from the flames, and then striking an attitude with it in her arms, seems splendid; but reflection makes one feel that the casting into the fire is hardly admissible, and that the plucking out and "picture" attitude are a pitiful concession to those who might otherwise be shocked. Yet the play, even if long-drawn in the earlier parts, is of immense power until the drop in the last act. Putting aside Agnes, who seems untrue and incomprehensible in some scenes, the character-drawing is admirable, and Lucas is really a splendid study of the weak sensualist, the "ego-maniac," capable of high thoughts but not of high conduct. It is a great, uneven play, touching giddier heights than "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but not keeping on nearly so high a level. To see it is to spend a very painful evening, to miss it would be madness.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Agnes, perhaps, has surpassed even her Paula; certainly her performance in every aspect is brilliant. In Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, London has a new actor of very great ability; Mr. Forbes Robertson is at his best as Lucas; Miss Ellis Jeffreys was delightful as Mrs. Thorpe, and surprised even her admirers; Mr. John Hare, as the Duke, gave one of the best of his fine, elaborate studies of wicked old men; the work of Mr. Fred Thorne, as a doctor, and Mr. Ian Robertson, as a curious aristocrat, was excellent. In a word, the acting, all round, was magnificent.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It is not surprising that Mr. Carr should have revived "Sowing the Wind," seeing what a splendid "send-off" it gave to him in his career as manager. Certainly no one will regret the revival, since it presents one of the prettiest and most able of Mr. Sydney Grundy's plays, and the occasion gives an interesting opportunity of making a comparison. As all playgoers are aware, Miss Evelyn Millard has come very rapidly to the front, and some have suggested with confidence that she has a just claim to be considered in the first class, consequently the opportunity of putting her work by the side of Miss Winifred Emery's seemed very precious to the critics.

Of course, one could not expect Miss Millard, as Rosamund Athelstane, to give a performance as perfect in technique as that of her more experienced predecessor. In actual quality the result of the trial seems a little disappointing. Despite the beauty of her person, soundness of her elocution, and her high intelligence, there is the something absent in Miss Millard's work that made Miss Emery's delightful. The quality of tenderness, womanliness, human weakness, which brought Miss Emery close to the heart of the audience, and enabled her to command tears at her will, was not in the new Rosamund, who, however, perhaps showed greater power in the passionate scenes. Of the others in the cast, I need say little, for the work of most has been seen and praised before. However, a word is due to Miss Alice Kingsley, who played the part of Maud Fretwell very prettily.

If Mr. F. W. Sidney's play, "A Loving Legacy," were as ingenious in construction as it is comic in central idea, a prodigious success could be prophesied. Unfortunately, he has not made the most of his subject—has, indeed, shown a curious want of tact in dealing with it. Now, it happens that the main idea has been already handled by the late Mario Uchard in "Mon Oncle Barbassou," and anticipated by one of the American humorists in a tale dealing with Mormon life. Consequently, one cannot assume that Mr. Sidney, whose wit is not very keen, will prove a dramatist of great value. However, there is a good deal to laugh at in "A Loving Legacy." For the position of the young man, already honestly in love, who receives as a legacy the four wives of his Turkish uncle, is sufficiently embarrassing to be diverting. The author has given no real reason why Mr. Edward Pommeroy should not tell the truth to his sweetheart about the legacy: consequently, the complications that come of his efforts at concealment are flimsily founded. Mr. Maltby was rather funny as an executor, though the part is hardly good enough; and Mr. W. H. Day played cleverly—he would be funnier if more restrained. Miss May Whitty looked pretty, and acted pleasantly as the heroine.

The last programme of the Independent Theatre contains nothing of startling or surprising character; consequently, those worthy people who, in the case of the Society, see bad in everything are suggesting that it fails in its mission. The mission, of course, is supposed to be that of producing plays which will serve the "unco guid" as texts for denunciations of the Society. "A Man's Love," by Mynheer J. C. de Vos, will not shock anybody, though it may displease the people who believe that one can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament. For with no little force does the Dutch author show that, Deceased Wife's Sister Bill or not, a man may find that Rachel is more charming than his wife Leah, and, since in our times he cannot marry both, misery must come of it and sin be approached. It is curious to note that, after the Rachel and Leah union, the Jewish law, while tolerating polygamy, forbade two sisters simultaneously to be the wives of one man.

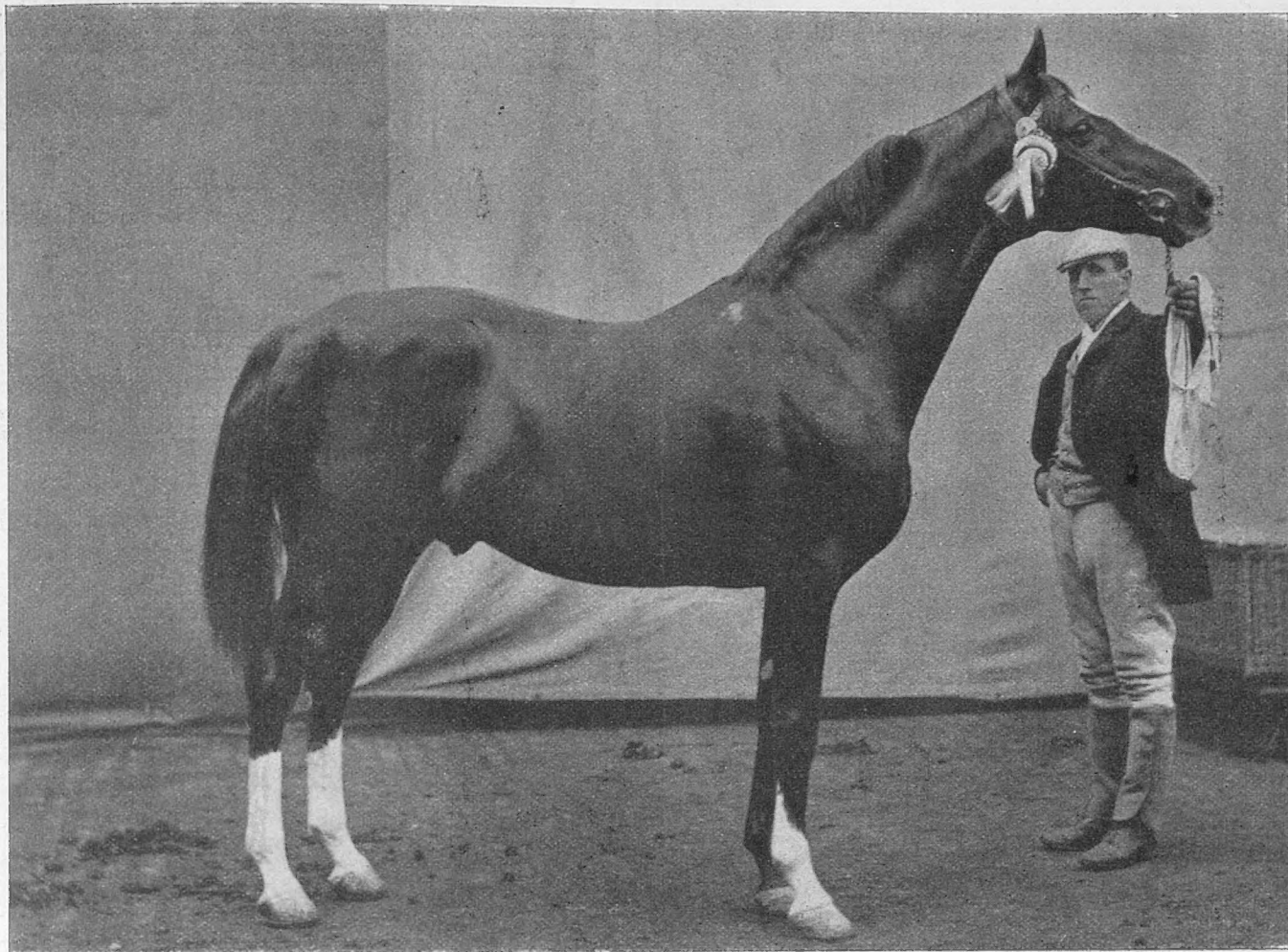
"A Man's Love" suffers from a rare fault—over-pertinence. The author sticks to his theme as an American to his accent, for not a moment does he introduce any auxiliary characters or subsidiary plot. The consequence is that the play seems to be rather too much like a concentrated food that is nourishing but not filling. Although some of the scenes are effective, and the dialogue, except in rare passages, is nicely written and characteristic, one sees the curtain fall with a feeling that one has not had enough of the piece, that a great part of the subject is unexplored. Possibly the acting was partly in fault. Miss Winifred Fraser is a charming actress, with a remarkably light, easy method; but the force required for such a part as Emily's is not in her: it is a simple matter of weight of metal; she is, as it were, a cruiser asked to do line-of-battle ship duty. Mr. Herbert Flemming acted well, but his style is not interesting for his burden. Handsome Miss Mary Keegan, as the wife, was effective in her one strong scene.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer's "Salvé" is a one-act tragedy called "a dramatic fragment," handled with great discretion. Her ghastly theme of the woman who kills a man for his money, and finds she has slain her son, might have been used as motive for a blood-curdling, creepy piece of the Hoffman, Poe, or Le Fanu order. Mrs. Beringer, mindful of our degenerate nerves, has given us "the pity of it"—the tragedy of the situation, not its horror. She has sought the tears of the audience, not its shudders, and she has succeeded. There is very great charm in the poor old father and mother, and tender, pleasant humour as well as pathos: consequently, when, under the sting of want, the woman seizes the fatal knife, of which her heart, as well as the rich stranger, are to be victims, the situation is really poignant. With such a play within reach, some manager should find the nucleus of a successful triple bill; and if he can engage Mrs. Theodore Wright, who played the mother's part superbly, Mr. Haviland, who, as the old father, gave a beautiful study of an unhappy gentleman-farmer, and Mr. Matthew Brodie, who played capably as the prodigal son, the play could never fail to move.

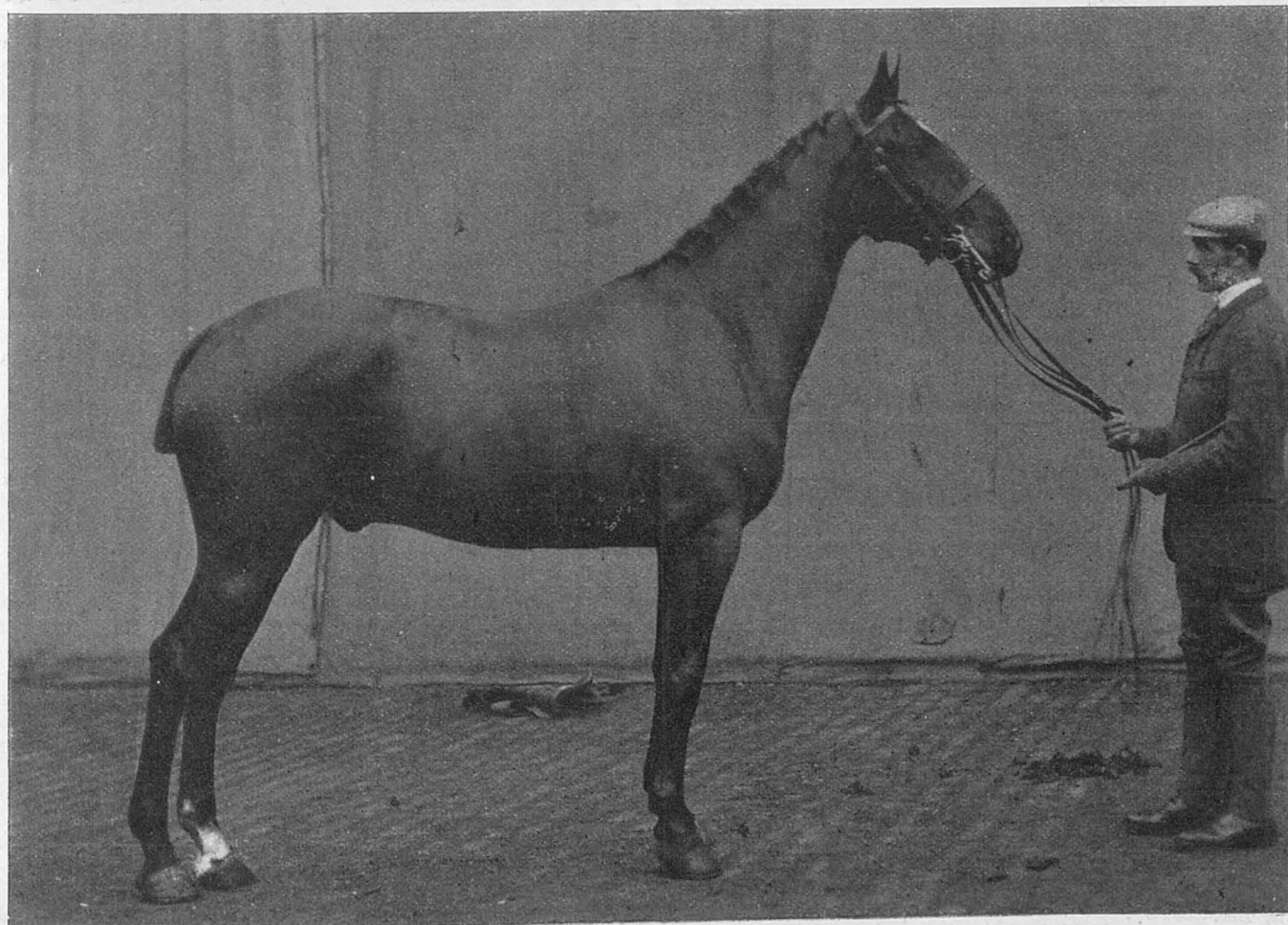


THE THOROUGHBRED AND HUNTER SHOW.

*Photographs by Henry R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.*



THOROUGHBRED STALLION EGLAMORE (FOALED 1884). OWNED BY MR. P. P. PRATT, ST. ASAPH, QUEEN'S PREMIUM.



THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HUNTER GELDING SULTAN, OWNED BY MR. T. BRADLEY, STAMFORD, CHAMPION.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Of all our poets are minor poets now, there are innumerable grades among them, differences as great as those dividing their race from that of the major ones. The little minor poets are with us all the year round; the big ones have a preference for blossoming in spring. Three of their books, anticipating spring by a week or two, are before me—"Lyrics," by Mr. Arthur Benson (Lane); "Poems," by Mr. Lionel Johnson (Methuens); and "Ballads," by Mr. A. M. Bessly (Longmans). Where is more brilliant and more lasting poetry being made among us, but none that, as a whole, can command greater respect.

Mr. Benson's poetry is not inevitable. It is cultivated, skilful, and sings of wholesome things. Sometimes, in the description of natural beauty, he rises far, and writes descriptions that are exquisite and true. "The Canticle of Common Things," that opens the volume, is his highest point of excellence, and admiration and gratitude are forced from us in nearly every line of this song of thanksgiving—

For autumn with his flaming hand  
Dashed in the covert, with the brand  
Of death, and silence subtly planned;

For summer incidentally fair,  
For winter with her keener air,  
For spring with her surprises rare.

Oh praise Thee, Father, for the prize  
Of friendship, whether wild or wise,  
The sudden glance of answering eyes.

For sessions leisurely and sweet,  
When sunlight weans the idle feet,  
Where fact and fantasy compete."

Mr. Benson has no passion, nothing to stir the deeps. But he speaks no nonsense, his sense of beauty is keenly alive, and he is a good craftsman. He is a poet for cultivated folks who have also simple hearts. As a craftsman, Mr. Benson is more skilful than, though not so ambitious as, any second poet, Mr. Lionel Johnson. I don't dare to assign him his place in the poetical ranks; but whatever their poetical worth, as literary and emotional compositions, his poems are distinctly interesting. His sentiment is a curious mixture of the very modern and the mediæval, Catholic hymns, and lyrics inspired by White Rose League principles, mingling with Nationalist aspirations and expositions of very recent points of view. The Catholic and the Celtic strains are the strongest, though the two best poems in his volume stand apart from both—one, the address to his old School of Winchester, to which his book is dedicated; and the other, "Mystic and Cavalier," which best bears to be quoted from—

Go from me: I am one of those, who fall.  
What! hath no cold wind swept your heart at all,  
In my sad company? Before the end,  
Go from me, dear my friend!

Seek with thine eyes to pierce this crystal sphere:  
Canst read a fate there, prosperous and clear?  
Only the mists, only the weeping clouds:  
Dimness, and airy shrouds.

The third verse-book, "Ballads and Other Verse," by Mr. A. M. Bessly, I value most for a note which the others do not sound. He has caught the heroic ballad spirit and the hearty, homely ring of country song.

Sir Christopher Mings was a shoemaker's son;  
He courted a shoe ere he sighted a gun,

is the beginning of a lay that one wants to know the end of. And "A Peat of 1892" awakens our interest from the very first verse, where we read—

There are rascals by scores on the scent of the staves;  
"The more the more fun,"  
Thought Lieutenant MacMann.

I don't know whether "The Ploughboy's Song" is such as a ploughboy would make if he could make a song at all, but, if he does not sing this refrain with a lusty voice, then other boys will—

Smock-truck, Billy-cock,  
Harvest-field and hay,  
A whistle clear for all the year,  
And a heart as fresh as May.

O. O.

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THE HOUSE OF PEEL.



JULIA, LADY PEEL (MARRIED 1820, DIED 1859), MOTHER OF THE SPEAKER.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., pinxit. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall.*



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL (BORN 1829), SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1884—1895.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



SIR ROBERT PEEL, 1ST BART. (1760—1830), GRANDFATHER OF THE SPEAKER.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., pinxit.*



SIR ROBERT PEEL, 2ND BART. (1758—1850), THE REPEALER OF THE CORN LAWS, AND FATHER OF THE SPEAKER.

*Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., pinxit.*



## SMALL TALK.

The 16th of March is one of the days which the Queen invariably observes with a certain solemnity, as it is the anniversary of the death



of her well-beloved mother, the Duchess of Kent, which took place in 1861. The Duchess, who was married to the Duke of Kent on May 29, 1818, at Coburg, and on July 13 at Kew, was the widow of the Prince of Leiningen, to whom she had been married at the age of sixteen. Her Royal Highness soon won the admiration and confidence of the nation; and that she deserved both has been shown by the result of her judicious training of her daughter, destined, as it proved, to be Queen of England. The portrait of the Duchess given herewith is a reproduction of an interesting engraving

published at the time of the accession of the Queen to the throne. It is curious how the fashion of to-day has brought round a hat similar in shape to what the Duchess wore half a century ago.

The Queen's journey from Cherbourg to Nice will form an expensive item in this month's Privy Purse account. There were sixty-three passengers in the special train, and for each a charge of thirty-five centimes per kilometre was made. There was also a very heavy payment for baggage, of which there were several tons' weight. While the Court is at Nice, a special messenger is to arrive there from London every day, except Monday, with despatches and correspondence, returning again after a stay of about twenty-four hours.

Elaborate preparations were made for the Queen's landing at Cherbourg; two platforms were constructed on the Arsenal Quay, one of which was lowered on to the deck of the Victoria and Albert, in order that her Majesty might the more easily proceed from the yacht to the platform of the Port Station, where the special train was waiting. Instructions were given by M. Dossé—the Queen's Director of Continental Journeys, to give him his full title—that the royal special was to travel at a considerably reduced speed between eleven at night and eight in the morning, and arrangements were also made for long halts for *déjeuner* and dinner. Thanks to the various precautions taken, the journey was performed without the slightest hitch.

The Victoria and Albert was built in 1855. She is three hundred and thirty-six feet in length, and her beam, including the paddle-wings, sixty-six feet, and at the stern forty feet. Her cruising speed is fifteen knots, and the maximum speed about seventeen. The interior arrangements are chiefly remarkable for their comfort and convenience, and the decorations for their prettiness and simplicity. All the state-rooms are in the after-part of the vessel, on either side of a spacious corridor at the foot of the main staircase. This corridor is draped with chintz, after a pattern designed by the late Prince Consort. The Queen has a suite of three rooms on one side of the corridor, and on the other side are the cabins occupied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. There is also a dining-saloon, drawing-room, library and music-room, and on the promenade-deck a very fine saloon, which is always occupied by the Queen when she is on board in fine weather, and her Majesty usually breakfasts and lunches here. This apartment is furnished with a writing-table, centre-table, two sofas, and numerous easy-chairs, and the furniture is all upholstered in dark-green morocco. The main deck is covered with cork floor-cloth, and when the Queen is on board a carpet is laid over this.

The Queen's birthday is to be celebrated in London this year on Saturday, May 25, on which day the regulation military functions will take place in St. James's Park, and the Ministers and great officers will give the customary full-dress banquets. Lord Rosebery will have a "Birthday" reception at the Foreign Office, by arrangement with Lord Kimberley—provided always that he is still Prime Minister.

Colonel Colville has given universal satisfaction in the performance of his duties as Master of the Ceremonies at the recent Drawing-Rooms. His appointment has been a great success, and he has become an immense favourite with the Diplomatic Corps. The office, which is in the gift of the Sovereign, was founded by James I., and is worth eight hundred pounds a year. The Master is in attendance on the Queen whenever she officially receives any member of the Corps Diplomatique; and he is on

duty at Drawing-Rooms, State Balls, and Concerts, and any other functions at which the Ambassadors or Foreign Ministers are present. When at Court, he wears a gold chain over his shoulder, from which is suspended his badge of office, in the form of a large gold medallion, one side representing Peace and the other War, and it is turned accordingly.

The Duke of Connaught, who returned from Vienna last week, has now taken up his residence with the Duchess at Bagshot Park. Great improvements have been carried out at Bagshot since the Duke first went there in 1893. A new lodge has been built at the Swinley entrance to the demesne, the grounds have been extensively planted, and various alterations made in the gardens and stables. A large conservatory has been added, and the house lighted throughout by electricity. The Duke's magnificent collection of Indian arms and curios has been arranged in the hall and corridors, and many of the rooms have been decorated in Oriental style by Ram Singh, the famous Eastern artist who designed the Queen's Indian Room at Osborne.

The Queen has placed Osborne Cottage at the disposal of the Duke and Duchess of York, whenever they may wish to go to the seaside for a while.

The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe's term as Lady-in-waiting finished last week, when she left Windsor Castle for Broxmouth Park, Haddingtonshire. The Duchess was succeeded by Lady Churchill—the familiar "Jane Churchill" of "More Leaves from the Highlands"—who accompanied the Queen to the Continent.

One of the most ambitious amateur theatrical productions that has come under my notice for some time is a burlesque that the Orphean Dramatic Club "manufactured, after the manner of other eminent writers, from the best materials," and played, with great success, at the Novelty Theatre, Bombay, in December. It was called "Jehangier, the Magnificent Light of the Harem," and dealt, in rhymed verse, with the history of Jehangier, the Great Mogul (son of the mighty Akbar), to whom James I. sent out a mission headed by Sir Thomas Roe, whose ministrations failed on account of the machinations of the Portuguese Ambassador, Dom Affonso de Robeiro de Sequeiro Vaz. The first act turns on the incident, related by Talboys Wheeler, of the inebriation of the Court, at the orders of Jehangier, who also banishes his beautiful Persian slave, Noor Mahal, the Light of the Harem. The second act is occupied with the Gilbertian action of Jehangier, who punished his subjects for getting intoxicated (at his own orders), and with the return to power, as chronicled in "Lalla Rookh," of Noor Mahal, who came to the Court disguised as a wandering minstrel, and once more secured the Emperor's affections.

A more intimate knowledge of the story may be got from a look at the *dramatis persone*—

Emperor Jehangier	...	...	...	...	Mr. W. L. SHAW.
Grand Vizier Fadladin	...	...	...	...	Mr. J. A. REED.
Queen Noor Mahal	...	...	...	...	Miss E. WHITE.
Begum Kit Kit	...	...	Fadladin's Fiancée.	...	Mr. A. W. WISE.
Sir Thomas Roe	...	...	Ambassador from Great Britain.	...	Mr. J. C. BROOKS.
Dom Affonso de Robeiro de Sequeiro Vaz	...	...	Ambassador from Goa the Golden.	...	Mr. R. P. W. STRONG.
Donna Marguerite	...	...	Two little girls in pink who mate	...	Miss SHERMAN.
Donna Elvira	...	...	the Ambassadors.	...	Miss B. THORBURN.
Abdool Bey Wakhoof	...	...	...	...	Mr. D. LANE.
Ramdas Darnadas	...	...	Nobles.	...	Mr. A. GREENBOAM.
Kumbukhtee Badmash Bey	...	...	...	...	Mr. F. J. NATHAN.
Mahomed Gai Kasai	...	...	Executioner.	...	Mr. T. THORBURN.
Kulum Khan	...	...	Historiographer.	...	Mr. E. M. DEAN.
Loochia Shah	...	...	Jehangier's boy in buttons.	...	Mr. GUILMARTIN.
Jack Tarpaulin	...	...	A British Tar.	...	Mr. P. MORRIS.
Imperial Dancing Girls	...	...	...	...	Miss JOHNSON.
					Miss BALDWIN.

"Jehangier," though written in the rhymed verse that was popular in the older burlesques, was brought up to date by the introduction of the popular songs of the day, such as "Lazily, lazily," "Such a nice man, too," "Tommy Atkins," "Marguerite," and "Two little girls in blue," all of which were cleverly adapted to the needs of the Orient. Of course, there was skirt-dancing. The cast numbered nearly forty, of whom twenty were ladies. The success of the piece was all the greater in view of the fact that the Orpheans are scarcely a year old.

The play selected this year by the Royal Agricultural College Dramatic Society, Cirencester, for their annual entertainment was Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough." The substitution of old English comedy for the usual broad farce was a courageous experiment, and the company are to be congratulated on the general success achieved. The cast was as follows: Lord Foppington, Mr. C. Bathurst; Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Mr. F. A. Garden; Colonel Townly, Mr. D. A. West; Young Fashion, Mr. C. T. Foxcroft; Loveless, Mr. R. O. Russell; Probe, Mr. C. Leveson-Gower; Lory, Mr. C. J. Bennett; La Varole, Mr. C. Mitchell; Amanda, Mr. R. Talbot; Berinthia, Mr. H. G. Gardner; Miss Hoyden, Mr. C. Mitchell; Nurse (Mrs. Coupler), Mr. W. Bainbridge. The scenery, painted by Professor Paton, assisted by Lord Charles Kennedy and the Hon. S. Tufton, was admirable, the Scarborough canvas being especially beautiful. The play was produced under the management of Mr. D. West.





Mrs. Savage (Prompter). Mr. Savage (Author).  
A BURLESQUE COMPANY IN INDIA.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHULTZ AND CLIFTON, BOMBAY.

The Servant. Lory. Mendlegs. Probe. Lord Foppington. The Nurse. The Jeweller. Barmaid.



Colonel Townly. Berinthia. Young Fashion. Miss Hoylen. Sir T. Clumsey. Lovelass.

THE CAST OF "A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH."  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORTIMER SAVORY, CIRENCESTER.



Among the numerous amateur entertainments that have been promoted in Scotland for charitable purposes, on account of the great frost, was one just given at

Castle Douglas, at which Mr. W. J. Pinchin, stump-speech orator, appeared.



Photo by Herbert Johnston, U. side Douglas.

MR. W. J. PINCHIN.

they did speak up, and what they said made me smile as nothing Lamartine ever wrote could do. "I wonder what he's reading?" muttered the girl. "Something beastly, if it's a French book," responded her intelligent companion, and continued to talk of the time when together they would set up housekeeping. I continued ostensibly to be absorbed, while the couple continued to spoon, and I had to submit to spasms in order to avoid laughing immoderately. I had no intention of doing anything to declare my nationality, but Nemesis was on the track of those indiscreet lovers. At the station before the terminus, a friend on the platform recognised me and hurried into the carriage. "Halloo, old man!" he said; "what price your bet at the club the other night that the Progressives would wipe the floor with the Moderates? Offering odds, too! Aren't you glad I didn't take them?" I did not answer until I had indulged in a glance at my companions. And, as R. J. Knowles was wont to sing, "Tableau vivant! There's a picture for you!"

The sun came into my room and danced about the furniture in such an impudent way that I felt sure I should find a suggestion of spring in the country. So I called my valet, bade him pack up for me my tooth-brush and a pair of clean collars, borrowed half-a-crown from him, and hurried off to Liverpool Street. The train for Ongar was in the station, and I went up to the booking-office to get my ticket. Unfortunately for me, a public-school boy was arguing with the official that he was under twelve, and they continued to argue so long that, by the time I had taken my ticket and returned to the platform, the train was disappearing at the far end. I reflected a minute, and then sat down quietly. No oaths I ever met could express my feelings. I devoted the next hour to reading the contents-bills of the papers, and turning over the pages of magazines on the bookstalls. Everything comes ultimately to him who waits, even a G.E.R. train, and at last we started. All over the hideous eastern suburbs of London there was a full light that almost made them look cheerful. Even the chimneys that were busily poisoning the air seemed to do so more out of habit than malice. In the course of time the train reached the far end of Epping Forest, which was my destination.

There is a part of Epping Forest to which the tourist never penetrates, where Aunt Sally, cocoanut-shies, and other festive recreations are not to be found. It was here that I started my walk. The woods on the horizon were deep blue in colour, there were red farmhouses dotted about, with black barns and yellow stacks adjacent. The holly alone preserved the green tint of the forest, and in divers glades, to which the sun could scarcely penetrate, there were little patches of snow, gleaming white, and enriching every surrounding colour by force of contrast. Over the common came two separate flocks of geese from neighbouring farms. They soon noticed one another, and made sarcastic remarks in their own language, raised themselves to their full height, and altogether behaved as though they were real Progressive and Moderate candidates or Conservative and Radical M.P.'s. Perhaps, however, it would be more fair to describe them as Irish members, for no sooner did they hear what their neighbours were saying about them than they had a free fight. Such a set-to it was, with the huge white wings spread out like miniature sails, and feathers flying about in all directions. Donnybrook Fair was never in it with this display, which lasted about three minutes, after which one party executed a retrograde movement, while the other looked on in triumph. I believe these fights are not uncommon, and that different flocks of geese and ganders will not fraternise. Cock-fighting is forbidden, but I don't think goose-fighting has been invented.

A very curious double beech-tree may be seen in Epping Forest. To be correct, there are two trees planted so close together that they have joined in half-a-dozen places like sextupled Siamese twins. Twice their trunks join and several times the upper branches are united. Strangely enough, the one has not stunted the other. What would have happened had the saplings been of different species I can't imagine. At present, though many years old, they intertwine lovingly. I stood by them for a few minutes, recalling the old Ovidian legend of the visit of Jupiter and Mercury to an unruly town, of their reception at the hands of the old cottagers who rescued them from an uncivil townsfolk, and of how the chief of the gods turned the worthy old couple into trees. A very little imagination would give a supernatural aspect to this old double beech-tree. In its shadow I perpetrated a sonnet to a dancing-girl, noted how the long reign of winter had come to an end, and how the first flush of springtime was hovering over the forest. Then I turned off to the remains of an old Roman Camp, of which the mounds are still visible after so many ages. I was still undisturbed; it was too early for trippers—I had the approach of the spring all to myself. And as I tramped back along the twisting lanes and roads, leaving nearly twenty miles between me and London, only the civil salutations of countrymen coming from their work broke upon my silent enjoyment.

The success scored by Mr. Philip Comyns Carr as Antonio, in the recent performances of "The Merchant of Venice" by the O.U.D.S., forms a pleasant illustration of the constant intercourse which has of

late years existed between the stage and the University of Oxford. Mr. Comyns Carr is, of course, a son of the accomplished lessee of the Comedy Theatre. The present generation of undergraduates also includes a son of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and, until quite lately, Mr. Tree's brother, Mr. Max Beerbohm, *Yellow Book*-man and caricaturist, led a graceful undergraduate life in Oxford. Somewhat less recently, Mr. H. B. Irving won celebrity there, both in the Union Society's Debating Hall and on the boards of the New Theatre, where his *Strafford* and *King John* were really memorable performances. Mr. Holman Clark, now with Mr. Tree, was also a prominent member of the O.U.D.S., and, before his day, Mr. Arthur Bourchier had done valiant service for the cause of the Drama in Oxford. Earlier still, Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known Shaksperian actor, distinguished himself both by his performances in Greek Tragedy and by winning the three-mile race in the Inter-'Varsity Sports of 1881. Among other Oxford men who have taken to the boards may be mentioned Mr. Charles Sugden, Mr. R. G. Legge—the author of "Songs of a Strolling Player" and "Player Poems"—and Mr. Gerald Gurney, who played in several of Mr. Hawtrey's productions at the Comedy, and is at present touring as Monty Lushington in "The Masqueraders." Mr. George Bancroft, who lately married Miss Hare, was also a well-known figure in Oxford some three or four years ago. Nor is the sister University altogether to be outdone, for Cambridge has contributed to the theatrical world players of such achievement or promise as Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Gilbert Hare, Mr. H. H. Morell, and Mr. H. Nye Chart. The influence of Cambridge apparently makes more for comedy. Perhaps this is because its amateurs are not so strictly confined by the powers that be to Greek plays and the legitimate drama. Anyhow, they are more frivolous at Cambridge, for their theatre is open during Lent, while the Oxford playhouse is decorously closed.

At a certain West-End music-hall the other evening, when a certain "star," whose name has not always been confined to the advertisement columns of the London journals, was warbling a ditty with regard to the abduction of her husband by another lady, an irreverent "god," whose mind was not above scandal, shouted out, "Which one?" The "star" was not abashed. I believe she rarely is. She stopped, looked archly up, and ejaculated, "Oh, you beauty!" and then resumed her song, amid shouts of laughter.

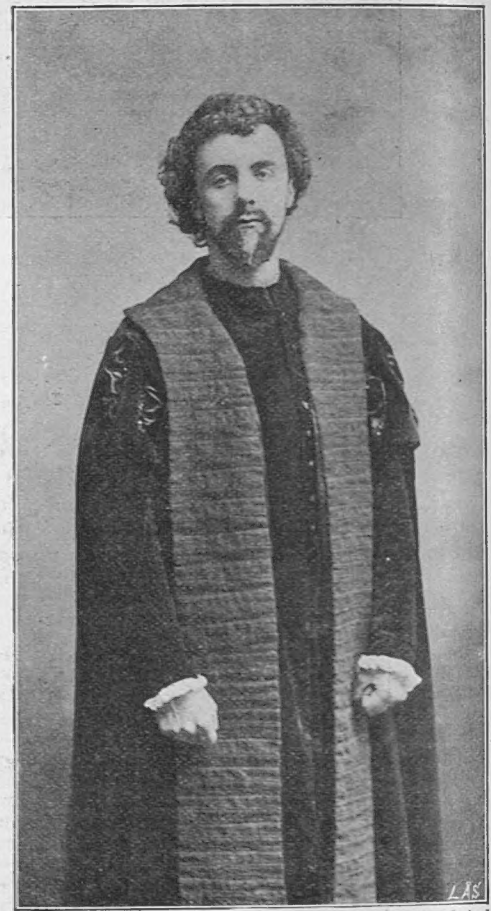


Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

MR. P. COMYNS CARR AS ANTONIO  
IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."



One of the most noted horses in Ireland at present is Hackler. Hackler is by Petrarch (winner of the Middle Park Plate, Two Thousand Guineas, and Leger, and now standing at one hundred guineas) out of Hackness (winner of the Cambridgeshire). He is a brown horse, and stands 16-1 hands high. He won the Maiden Plate at Newmarket,



HACKLER.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

carrying 8 st. 12 lb.; the Columb Produce Stakes, carrying 8 st. 12 lb.; the Bennington Stakes, carrying 8 st. 10 lb.; and the Burwell Stakes, carrying 8 st. 12 lb. The Austrian Government offered £5250 for Hackler, but it was declined.

I was surprised to note the *Chronicle's* bewilderment over the identity of Mr. G. A. Redford, the new Examiner of Plays, for the gentleman, despite the absence of his name in *Whitaker* and *Hazell*, has a history. The son of a doctor, and the nephew of the late Mr. Pigott, he was born about seven-and-forty years ago. For some years he was in the London Joint-Stock Bank, which he left in 1883 for the Alliance Bank, Regent Street, and he afterwards became manager of the Marylebone branch of the London and South-Western Bank. But he had been in the habit of "squandering his useful leisure," as Cayley Drummie would say, in assisting his uncle, the Censor, whom he has now succeeded.

Referring to Mr. Pigott, Mr. William Best writes to a friend of mine—

I have a sad pride in believing that I received the last letter penned by his hand. The fact is possibly nothing in itself, but the letter and the circumstances are so characteristic of the great goodness of heart and sympathy with things theatrical possessed by Mr. E. F. S. Pigott, that I venture to intrude the fact upon you. Let me premise that I was an entire stranger to the deceased gentleman, and had occasion early in the week of his death to communicate with him respecting a play produced in July, 1893, of which a doubt had arisen if it were licensed. I had naturally no desire to pay a second fee, and, as no public register of licensed plays is available, I had no alternative but to send manuscript and full particulars, asking return of fee if play had received official sanction. As I anticipated, it was found that a licence *had not been issued*, and I am afraid Mr. Pigott was not without a suspicion that my object was an endeavour to legalise the past irregularity and screen the management responsible for it. In reply to his letter, I was able to satisfy him that a coming performance fixed for Thursday (it was then Tuesday) should bear no illegal stamp. I had no idea Mr. Pigott's illness was of a serious nature, or I would have been less urgent in pressing him to read and pass the play. He, however, recognised in the circumstances I had narrated the importance there should be no postponement of the production, and kindly read and forwarded to the country manager the official receipt and necessary permission to perform.

At this time—as I now know, and as his handwriting clearly proves—Mr. Pigott must have been suffering greatly. Yet he hesitated not to pass through the matter, and, on my thanking him, he even troubled to write the letter I have named, which reached me Wednesday evening (Feb. 21). The writing is almost illegible, revealing the acute nature of the trial the effort cost—foreshadowing, as we now know, the fatal termination. The last sentence proves every word that has been printed of his kindness of disposition and sympathy with playwrights; it runs: "I hope the piece may have a good start anew."

Reckoning the time the letter was delivered, it was probably written very shortly before Mr. Pigott took to his bed, and is possibly the last time he wrote his name. I wish to emphasize that I was an entire stranger, and the considerate manner in which he entered into the circumstances of my peculiar application can never be forgotten. Too many officials would have turned a deaf ear to a request to hurry through what to them is an everyday matter, and without interest. Mr. Pigott, sick to death, no sooner realised there was an effort about to make up the leeway of an unsatisfactory first trial, than he hastened to do all in his power to further the authors' interest, and, with the last strokes of his official pen, wished their work success.

I am not surprised that the popularity of the Sunday Smoking Concerts at the Prince of Wales's Club increases among the members and their friends, for not only is there a frequent return of old favourite artistes to the platform, but constantly the latest novelty in "turns" is introduced, giving the audience the pleasure of a surprise and the artiste

himself the best of opportunities of being critically appreciated. For instance, on a very recent visit, I renewed my acquaintance with the grand baritone voice of Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler, the melodious whistling of Mr. Charles Copper, the lightning sleight-of-hand of Mr. James Stuart, and the charming songs of Miss Florence Venning; but, best of all was the stranger, Mr. Arthur Watts. And yet he is only a stranger in the novelty of his "turn," for he is very well known in comic opera in town and in the provinces, and in Gaiety pantomimes in Dublin, and he made quite a "hit" very recently in "Utopia, Limited." No, he did not give us any of his songs, and yet it was a ballad that "fetched" us, namely, the Ballad by W. S. Gilbert, "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." It is impossible to describe the marvellous facial expression and grotesque distortion of limb which accompany Mr. Watts' most original delivery. Starting as a skeleton, and apparently only two feet high, he gradually grows taller and fatter in the most ludicrous and astonishing way as he proceeds to eat up the captain, the mate, and the rest of the crew. This trifle Mr. Arthur Watts has brought by way of experiment to London; like the old salt in the story, it ought to grow into a big thing.

A recent allusion to an old sea-song alluding to "Jack Robinson" and his rapid departure has brought innumerable letters full of recollections. Not the least interesting is one from an old gentleman of eighty-four years of age, who writes—

I beg to inform you that I heard "Jack Robinson" sung in character at a theatrical show at Bristol Fair about seventy years ago, being then a boy at school at Redland, Bristol. I afterwards attempted this and other comic songs and recitations at Oxford as an undergraduate, including the "Country Fair," "Mr. Lobbsy said to his Ugly Wife," "The Strictest Propriety," "Mr. Peter Snout was Invited Out," and several others that I have quite forgotten. When I was quite a boy, I remember that the naval song, when the health of the *allegory* was drunk with musical honours, was "With a Jolly Full Bottle let each Man be Crowned."

What would the Blue Ribbonites say to that to-day?

For the sketch of the champion bulldog, who died recently at the age of fourteen, I am indebted to the clever animal-printer, Miss Fairman, of Bolton Studios, Redcliffe Road, Kensington. This famous dog was the property of Mr. W. Sprague, and during his life took a large number of first prizes, including one last year at the Bulldog Show held at the Aquarium for veterans. Don Pedro was the father of five champion bulldogs, and at his funeral at the Canine Cemetery, Hyde Park, the chief mourners were his son and daughter, Salenno and Cigarette,



DOM PEDRO.—FROM A RECIPIENT BY MISS FAIRMAN.

who seemed deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. The coffin was of polished mahogany covered with the Union Jack, and many admiring friends had sent costly floral tributes.

In Miss Fairman's studio may also be seen some dog-pictures which were recently sent down to Osborne, by special command, for the Queen's inspection. Her Majesty was particularly pleased with "The Four Generations," as represented by Mrs. Thomas's Black Pomeranians, and "The Scrap of Paper," a clever sketch of a terrier. The artist has also been very successful in her delineation of the champion dachshund, Pterodactyl. A fine collection of sketches, which were taken during Miss Fairman's residence in Florida and Brazil, are also on view.





THE LATE M. WORTH.



In dealing the other week with the audiences given to the representatives of foreign Powers by the Emperors of China, it was noted that only one member of Lord Macartney's retinue, a page-boy of thirteen, picked up the Chinese language, and the delighted Emperor gave him a purse. It has been brought to my knowledge that the identical purse is in the possession of Mrs. Sandeman, of Cambridge Square, W. The page was the son of Sir George Staunton, to whose property Mrs. Sandeman's father-in-law succeeded in 1859.

There is much to read and plenty to see in the new illustrated monthly magazine, the *Englishwoman*, which has just appeared under the editorship of Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon. Without containing any particularly new ideas, the magazine makes a brave show of names, and treats on all sorts of subjects which encircle the life of the up-to-date woman. There are stories by John Strange Winter, Miss Violet Hunt, and the author of "The Green Carnation"; an account of Mr. George Alexander, which needed some revision to make it quite topical; an interesting character-sketch of that wayward soldier of genius, Pierre Loti, from the pen of Miss Marie Belloc; a pleasant causerie on Plays, in Mr. L. F. Austin's most delightful manner; and a dozen articles on fashionable subjects by such well-qualified writers as Mrs. Aria, Mrs. Humphry, Mrs. Armstrong, M. F. Frith, and others.

The world as at present constituted has a passion for newness: new beauties, new plays, new poetry, new morality—it matters not what topic, provided the aspect is fresh and sufficiently unfamiliar. Perhaps that is the reason why all the world, while at all times admiring Lady Edith Ward, has now resolved itself into the mood rhapsodic over Lady Wolverton. No party on the Riviera is thought complete without her, and her frocks, features, and figure are a pet tea-time topic to fair friends variously. Lord Wolverton, who is a member of the Valkyrie Syndicate, is an enthusiastic yachtsman—a taste which his wife heartily shares. Just before their marriage, Lord Wolverton had a smart little boat, the Douseha, built for his bride. It is a 2-rater, and accompanied the happy pair south on the deck of the *Fedora*—which belongs to Lord Waterford, by the way, and was chartered for his wedding cruise by Lord Wolverton. Few young men, even in these globe-exploring days, have travelled so much, and a well-written account of "Five Months' Sport in Somaliland" gives capital description of an adventurous journey made three years ago, when, accompanied by Colonel Paget, Lord Wolverton started from Berbera, on big game intent, with a little retinue of eighty-eight natives, sixty-six camels, herds of sheep, oxen, and other accessories. Lord and Lady Wolverton will not return to town until May.

In a conversation, the other day, with a friend who rejoices in a long theatrical memory, a chance allusion to that clever young actor, Miss Braddon's son, Mr. Gerald Maxwell, who is at present with Mr. Augustin Daly in New York, playing Sir Eglamour in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," brought up a store of recollections with regard to the lately bereaved Miss Braddon's early connection with the stage. In the old stock days at the Brighton Theatre Royal, when the Nye Charts there held sway, the future lady novelist for a time was engaged for responsibilities or as utility lady. Miss Ada Cavendish had been in the company not long before.

The leading man at Brighton then was the late Louis Nanton, a very able actor, who came from the Haymarket, where he had been alternating with Charles Kean such parts as Othello and Iago. Mr. Charles Warner, already noted for his sunny countenance and cheerful laugh, was walking gentleman at the same time. Lin. Rayne was also in the company. One of the chief patrons of the drama at London-super-Mare in those days was Dr. Cordy Burrows, who was afterwards knighted, and became Mayor of Brighton. The Royal possessed a fine-musical library of stage works, and people used to write to the Nye Charts from all parts of the country with reference to the songs in many operettas and musical farces.

Fresh from this stage experience, Miss Braddon (whose most ambitious effort as a dramatist, a four-act play on the theme of *Griselda*, failed at the Princess's in 1873) went straight off to Scarborough. At that Yorkshire watering-place she wrote one of her earliest stories, called, I think, "The Black Gang; or, Companions of the Night," which made something of a stir on its appearance in the *Halfpenny Journal*.

The investing of the recently selected Crown Prince of Siam with the insignia belonging to his position brought an interesting gathering of his fellow-countrymen to the Siamese Legation. The Prince is at Eton, and it was quaint to hear him stating, in the reply which he read, that he was only a boy and a student, and therefore liable to fall into errors both of omission and of commission.

## THE LATE M. WORTH.

M. Worth was Fashion's best-known and most often consulted oracle. King in all but name, and of absolute power, yet his subjects never revolted, because they knew and felt that his sternest decrees were for their good. I think that the oft-abused and oft-quoted adage, *Cherchez la femme*, would have a more significant application if it were changed to *Cherchez la modiste*, for half a woman's charms lie in her clothes; and, with whatever gifts in the way of personal beauty she may be endowed, they are trebly enhanced by fine feathers, always providing that they are suited to her particular style and colouring.

I feel tempted to say that M. Worth, in his vocation, has influenced the fate of nations, and that his memoirs may supply the key to many occult mysteries and episodes of modern history. He was born, and spent his earlier years, at Bourne, Lincolnshire, where, at one time, his father was a prosperous solicitor, but ruined himself by speculations, so that, at the age of thirteen, young Charles Worth was turned out into the world to seek his fortune. He came to London, and found an opening at Messrs. Swan and Edgar, with whom he remained, as an apprentice, for seven years. He, however, felt that in Paris alone could he obtain proper scope for his ideas, and at the end of his apprenticeship he succeeded in becoming an assistant at Gagelin's, a noted silk firm, where he remained twelve years. Failing to convince his employers of the feasibility of his ambitious projects for extending their business, and being refused a partnership, he determined to become his own master. So, in 1858, the foundation of the present famous house was laid at 7, Rue de la Paix. Beginning with fifty hands, he started the then novel idea of making costumes, as well as selling the material, and his success was as rapid as it was complete.

He has supplied dresses to every royal lady in the world except Queen Victoria; and uncrowned queens of beauty, society, and of the stage owe half their triumphs to his creative genius. To be dressed by Worth bestows as valuable a *cachet* upon a woman as being presented at Court. At the present time, the Maison Worth, still situated in the Rue de la Paix, gives employment to nearly two thousand persons, and the fine salons, although not furnished or decorated with the magnificence which distinguishes some of the more modern Parisian houses, are always crowded with ladies of various nationalities eagerly inspecting the latest freaks of fashion. The assistants, nearly all tall and handsome, dressed in morning, walking, reception, or evening dresses, promenade up and down the salons in order that purchasers may see the effect of this or that particular style. The most picturesque feature of these daily audiences was dear old Worth himself, with his shrewd and kindly face, always dressed in a long robe, fashioned somewhat like a dressing-gown, and trimmed with fur or silk, according to the season, and a velvet *béret* on his head. I well remember with what breathless eagerness his opinion was waited for, and how dictatorially he laid down the law, and snubbed his most aristocratic client if she presumed to question his dictum. Ambitious mothers, eager débutantes, or timid brides-elect, one and all consulted and followed his advice.

M. Worth was strongly opposed to the crinoline craze, although his skirts, at one time, were as voluminous as they threaten to become now. The first dress he made for the Empress Eugénie was in this style, but the bodice was plain, for the purpose of showing off the Imperial diamonds, which M. Worth arranged and fastened on with his own hands. Space will not permit me to describe the glories of M. Worth's country house at Suresnes, where the stable-fittings in costliness of material and perfection of finish would not disgrace a lady's boudoir; nor can I enlarge upon the merits of his two sons, who for some years have had the practical management of this vast business. M. Gaston Worth is supreme in the counting-house, while M. Jean Worth is following in his father's footsteps and almost rivalling him in exquisite combinations of colour and originality of design.

G.



Photo by C. Wainwright.

THE INVESTITURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM AT THE SIAMESE LEGATION.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll c'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Who would have suspected the Lord Chamberlain of being such a bitter wag? He has produced a satirical little farce in one act, of which the *dramatis personæ* are chiefly authors, journalists, critics, and insignificant fry of that kind. Some of them had the absolutely negative qualification of being known to the world for a taste in literature and the drama, and they were all candidates for the post vacated by the death of Mr. Pigott. The Lord Chamberlain fooled them to the top of their bent; some were even called to his office to hear from his own lips how highly he esteemed them. One critic, greatly elated by an interview with this affable dignitary, told his friends that he felt sure of the appointment, because the Lord Chamberlain had confessed that his own views of the stage were entirely guided by the wise and mellow reflections which he habitually studied in a certain journal. They were all confident, these meritorious candidates, until they learned that the title of the farce in which they were engaged was "The Notorious Mr. Redford." (I had written this when I discovered that the *St. James's Gazette* had anticipated me. My compliments to a kindred spirit!)

To be passed over like this for a man of whom nobody had ever heard is, as the Duke of St. Olpherts would say, "an inversion of the picturesque." Indeed, the spirit of Mr. Pinero's cynical nobleman pervades the whole transaction. I can fancy an oracle at St. James's Palace delivering himself in this fashion between twinges of the gout: "Capital joke to lead these writing fellows on, and then give them a lesson—teach them that we don't care a rap for their opinions and their silly tirades. This Press of ours is a nuisance; we live too near the instrument, and it Fleet Streets us every day." So the Lord Chamberlain, with infinite gravity, keeps all the literary men in an agreeable flutter, and then discovers that the most suitable person to be Censor is a gentleman named Redford, who, we are told, acted as deputy for Mr. Pigott, and was consulted by the late Examiner in cases which demanded "special tact, judgment, and common sense." Mark the delicate suggestion that Mr. Pigott was unequal to his duties, and had to fortify himself with the special brand of "common sense" supplied by the trusty counsellor who has hitherto blushed unseen. The tact and judgment exhibited in some affairs which brought the Censorship into such estimable repute, belonged to Mr. Redford; but when you suppose that the exquisite bin is at last labelled with its right name, you learn that Mr. Redford's supreme qualification is his resolve to administer the Censorship on Mr. Pigott's lines. Spenslow and Jorkins are eclipsed!

In Mr. Pinero's fine play there is an amiable parson, who, I regret to observe, smokes a pipe. Perhaps it is simple inadvertence, for surely he is not aware that the Archbishop of York has lately exhorted the clergy to "a greatly diminished use of tobacco during Lent." True; the reverend gentleman in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" gets only a whiff or two, for, just as he is settling down comfortably to his pipe, the wolves make a foray into his fold in pursuit of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But, considering the season, and the force of example, would it not be better if Mr. Amos Winterfield were to forego that pipe altogether? At any rate, this seems to be a case for the "special common sense" of the Censor, who might hint to Mr. Winterfield that the Lenten observance counselled by the Archbishop offers a good opportunity for increasing the moral influence of the stage. The Rev. Amos might produce his pipe as usual, fill it, strike a match, and then, with an ineffable look of resignation, murmur "Lent!" I am sure this would be greatly admired in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

Does the Prophet Baxter smoke, I wonder, or is he gradually disabusing himself of all indulgences in preparation for that great day in March, 1903, when 144,000 Christians are to ascend to heaven without dying? Mr. Baxter has frequently altered his calendar of portents. He is like the enthusiasts in Cromwell's time, who believed

The Second Advent certain in five years,  
But, when King Charles the Second came instead,  
Revised their date, and sought, not heaven,  
But America.

Only instead of America Mr. Baxter seeks St. Martin's Hall, and re-dates his predictions with unabated confidence. Eight years hence those 144,000 Christians, marshalled by Mr. Baxter, will start on their celestial journey. As, in the meantime, Mr. Baxter is sure to receive many applications for enrolment, it might be useful if he would state whether a "greatly diminished use of tobacco during Lent" is an indispensable qualification.

Mr. William Watson has received a pension of a hundred pounds a year from the Civil List, and it is asked what he has done to deserve it, and why he does not earn his living by sweeping a crossing? These polite inquiries are based on the assumption that the sum allotted from the Civil List for the benefit of literary men and their families was intended solely for the relief of the aged and indigent. That was not the object of the pension which Tennyson received in his early manhood, and which he enjoyed for forty years. He had certainly done very little for his fame when he was thus befriended by the State. The object of the bounty in his case, as in Mr. Watson's, was to encourage merit insufficiently endowed with worldly goods. It would be better if the purely charitable allowances out of the Civil List were paid from a separate fund, though any proposition to that end would probably find scant favour among the economists in the House of Commons. Perhaps it was one of them who asked why a poet of Mr. Watson's distinction does not sweep a crossing, for nobody can suppose that such a question would be put by a rival bard who believes that a pension is due to him.

Why are so many writers of occasional verse in the newspapers incurably Cockney? In an evening journal lately, I read some pleasantly turned stanzas which were spoiled because "havanna" was made to rhyme with "banner." This is what causes our American cousins to blaspheme; and when the young man in Max Adeler's story tried his hand at obituary notices in verse, he must have had a London model in his mind—

We've lost our little Hannah  
In a very painful manner—  
I often said, "How can her  
Hard sufferings be borne?"

With much deference, I commend these lines to the poet who rhymes "havanna" with "banner," as a warning incantation before he writes again. He might also accustom himself to this couplet—

When you find a mild havannah,  
Cry "Eureka! here is manna!"

These exercises, performed every morning like scales on the piano, might educate the Cockney ear to distinguish between "a" and "r."

There are some ambitious prosemen who might get an inkling of a different sort. When it is suggested that they have very properly taken advantage of distinguished models, they make haste to reply that they have never read the works in question. A recent book bears a certain remote resemblance to Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." The author informs the world that he has never read "The Arabian Nights," new or old. It has, apparently, not dawned upon him that he may breathe the atmosphere of a classic without knowing the text. We are all desperately original, but we have not quite invented our own air.

Some years ago Mr. Barry Pain wrote a delightful paper about Reciters, considered as "home pets." I am sorry to see in a morning journal of great sobriety an article in a very different vein—a virulent attack, indeed, upon a numerous and inoffensive class. I have heard many reciters, but three live chiefly in my memory. The first was Dr. Ross, who is gone from my ken these twenty years. He had a power which I have rarely seen equalled on the stage. The second was a little American girl who came to London a few seasons ago. She had a beautiful gift of gesture, which was apparently wasted on that particular public which takes recitations as preliminaries to afternoon tea. But the third simply haunts me. I saw him once in Chicago—a melancholy man, rather like Eugene Aram. He came one night into the hotel when a vague conversation about the drama was going on in the hall. Somebody mentioned Hamlet, and there arose the usual discussion about Hamlets past and present. The melancholy stranger listened for a while, and then he said, "Gentlemen, no Hamlet, alive or dead, has ever understood the soliloquy 'To be or not to be.'" With the directness of Chicago, somebody murmured, "You understand it, I guess." "I do," was the frank response, and, without further parley, the stranger disappeared through the doorway of the billiard-room, which was perfectly dark. We heard his measured tread round the tables, and then he stood before us with folded arms, and what Dizzy once described as the "tumult of an ethereal brow," and, in a hollow voice, began, "To be." There was a wild scream of laughter, during which Hamlet was immovable. When we were quiet, he started again on the tramp of inspiration in the dark, and came out once more and gave us the speech. I have never heard anything like it. Some of the auditors, I believe, had to be carried to bed in convulsions. And whenever Hamlet's words come into my mind, the weird image of that elocutionary fanatic seems to be standing at my elbow.





MISS FORTESCUE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. HARRIS, OLD FISH MARKET, W.

## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## A FLORENTINE ROMANCE\*

Florence, in addition to her many other titles, might well be called the City of Memories, for almost every street, every old house, gate, or pillar, has its associations, either in history or tradition—its link with the past, as having been the scene of some great event, the home of some famous man. It is true that many of the streets have been rebuilt or partially destroyed; but, in all cases where it has been possible the old landmarks of shrines or sculpture have been replaced, in accordance with the pretty Florentine custom that a work of art once exposed to view outside a house can never be removed again, but becomes the public property for ever, and so the sites, if nothing else, of noted buildings are still recognisable. In the Via Tornabuoni, now one of the finest and the most fashionable streets in Florence, where are found the clubs and the principal cafés and shops, there is a certain corner which, were its history more generally known, would be of special interest to Englishmen. Immediately opposite the imposing Strozzi Palace, two of the narrower and older streets open into the wide Via Tornabuoni, their entrances hardly a man's length apart, but diverging as they proceed. On the triangle of ground thus formed by the quaintly named old streets, the Via della Vigna Nuova, or Street of the Old Vineyard, and the Via della Spada, or Street of the Sword, there stands a house about which many uncertain tales were told, as having been built by an English nobleman, but about which nothing definite was known until Mr. Temple Leader chanced upon a clue, which he followed up, and which has brought to light the history of the English nobleman and his dwelling.

Mr. Temple Leader, more than forty years ago, bought a little farm at Maiano, near Florence, and, on examining the plan of this farm, he found that the adjoining property had belonged to a Duke di Berlicke. Being puzzled by the title, evidently a corruption of an English name, Mr. Leader made careful investigations, and found that the owner had been a Dudley, called Earl of Warwick (hence Berlicke) and Duke of Northumberland, grandson of that famous Dudley of Elizabeth's Court, the hero of the Kenilworth tale. As the result of his search among documents, records, and papers of all sorts, preserved chiefly in Florence, Mr. Leader has brought together into a continuous story the scattered facts about the Dudley who lived in the house in the Via della Spada, which throws some curious side-lights on the history of those days, and forms an interesting sequel to a romantic and much-disputed story.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was popularly supposed to be the son of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Amy Robsart, an error into which the Misses Horner have fallen in their otherwise excellent "Walks in Florence"; but he was really Leicester's son by his second wife, Lady Douglas Sheffield, and was born about the year 1573. His childhood and early life, shadowed by the division between his parents and the stigma unjustly cast on his own birth, were passed partly in England and partly on long voyages, in which he gained the experience and knowledge that was afterwards of such service to him in Italy. Dudley's matrimonial affairs were varied, but not always successful; he had betrothed himself to Frances Vavassour, one of Elizabeth's maids-of-honour, but the Queen refused her consent to the union; he then fell in love with and married a sister of Thomas Cavendish, a fellow navigator, but she died soon after the marriage; and his second wife was Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, by whom he had four daughters. The marriage proved unhappy; Dudley was under the Queen's displeasure for sharing in the Earl of Essex's rebellion, and he was also endeavouring to prove his legitimacy, which,

for her own advantage, was being disputed by his father's third wife, Lady Lettice Knolles. Though his parents' marriage could be attested by documents and sworn to by witnesses, his adversary's power and influence were greater than his; and his evidence being sealed up by the Star Chamber—it is even said by the King himself—judgment was given against him, and Dudley, in high resentment at these unfair proceedings, and in disgust and desperation at his life and worries in England, obtained permission to travel, and, in 1606, left his native country, never to return.

His departure made a great sensation in England, and a great scandal, for he did not go alone. With him went his beautiful young cousin, Elizabeth Southwell, of whom he had long been enamoured; and though messengers were sent to bring her back, and overtook her at Calais, she contrived to escape on pretext of an intention to take the veil, and then, dressing as a page, she accompanied her lover to Lyons, where they professed the Catholic faith, obtained the Pope's dispensation, and were married, the wife and family Dudley had left in England being held of no account by reason of his new religion.

Then began for Dudley a new life in a new land. He settled in Florence, and entered the service of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, occupying himself with shipbuilding and fortifications. It was he who built the port and mole of Leghorn and made it a free port, which it remained until quite lately. Now, under the protectionist policy of the Government of United Italy its glory has departed and its trade diminished. And not only in maritime matters, but also in affairs of internal government, Dudley had a voice, and many of the measures advocated by him were accepted, and are still in force in Italy to the present day. It was he who proposed there should be a fortress in every town, that every traveller should carry a passport, that innkeepers should write down the names of all their guests, that offices and trades should be taxed, weights and measures examined and stamped every year; that there should be two hundred obligatory titles, which should be paid for, and that salt should become a Government monopoly, and a tax be put upon it—a tax which is now one of the sorest grievances in Italy. These measures Dudley also proposed to King James, but, happily, they were not adopted by the English Government. Dudley himself, by power received from the Pope, founded an order of knighthood, called the Cesarean Order, of which there were to be only seventy-two members, elected for their military merit and bravery, with the Emperor as Grand Master *in perpetuo*; there were three ranks, called Princes, Dukes, and Cavaliers, with gorgeous costumes and badges, but how long this order of nobility existed there is no record to show.

Dudley's family circle in the three-cornered house in the Via della Spada had, meantime, steadily increased. However he may have treated Alice Leigh, he was certainly a good husband to Elizabeth Southwell during the twenty-four years that she lived after her marriage with him; and their children, of whom there were twelve, shared his constant affection and his wealth, none too great for the maintenance of a large family in the state to which he had attained. Of these children, the eldest and most hopeful died young, to his parents' everlasting sorrow, and the second son, Carlo, the subsequent owner of the farm at Maiano, proved so wild and turbulent that he made it difficult for his father to maintain his position at the Tuscan Court, and, being restrained and restricted by the exigencies of Court life, the young man broke altogether loose, and, until his father's death, was a scapegrace.

Robert Dudley, who had been created Duke of Northumberland by the Emperor Ferdinand II. in 1620, died in his villa at Castello in 1649. His children married into noble Italian families, and his daughters became the representatives of great names, but the male line became extinct after the third generation, and no bearers of the name are left.—HELEN ZIMMERN.



\* "Life of Sir Robert Dudley." By John Temple Leader. Florence: Barbèra. 1895.



## THE CASE AGAINST CARLYLE.

## FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

"What are you doing with the cheque-book?" said my wife, who had come in silently and perceived my occupation.

"Well, dear," I answered meekly, "I was thinking of sending a little subscription to the Carlyle's House Purchase Fund. Did you see Leslie Stephen's advertisement in last week's *Athenæum*? Listen, and I'll read it to you. 'It is proposed to purchase the freehold of the house in Cheyne Row with which the life and work of the Carlyles are so intimately linked; to open it to visitors, to form a collection of memorials, and, possibly, to utilise it for appropriate purposes. Beyond the actual price (£1750), a further sum is required—'

"And me wanting a new dress!" interjected Dolly, with more pathos than grammar in her voice. She paused for a minute, and then she went on in a different tone, "Why on earth do they want to buy the house at all? Can't the landlord put it to the most appropriate uses that a house can be built for?"

"You haven't been reading your newspapers," I said severely, "or you'd know that the uses to

which the last tenant put No. 24 were more appropriate to a holder of the Pig Philosophy than to a satirist of it. And I think the gentlemen who have started the crusade for the rescue of this modern variant of the Holy Sepulchre deserve to be congratulated on their public spirit."

"Yes, I know," said my wife; "you had all that in your last leader in the *Mercury*. I think they must call you Carlyle in that office—you're always cracking up the old wretch. But let me tell you this: you don't subscribe to any memorial to him, and, if there were any real union among women, no man with a wife would do so."

"Why so, dear?" I inquired. "I ask for information. I am sure that quite a number of married men have already subscribed. Why, even the Kaiser sent a hundred pounds, and he's extremely married."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" said Dolly, who really looks very well when she grows indignant. "What is the sense of all this fuss being made about buying a house just because Carlyle once lived in it? What do you suppose he cared about the place? I'm sure he was always grumbling about its bad qualities."

"I beg your pardon," I said politely; "I think you are going too far there. We have been told that Carlyle loved the house, as is indeed fairly to be deduced from the fact that he lived in it for forty-three years without once thinking seriously of moving."

"Yes," I continued, growing warm; "Carlyle's whole life in London was passed in one house. In Froude's biography you can read that Carlyle was struck with the house directly he saw it. He went over it three times carefully, noting, in a way that accomplished house-hunters like you and I ought to approve of, how 'at each new visit your fancy gets a little hitch the contrary way to its former tendency.' After the third visit he was sure enough of himself to write an amorous description of the house to the Goody whom he had left behind at Craigenputtock. It was quite characteristic of the man that the point that had evidently struck him most about No. 5 was the solidity of its construction throughout. Here is the letter in which he told his wife approvingly of the 'massive balustrade, . . . corniced, and as thick as one's thigh,' and of the 'floors firm as a rock . . . still with thrice the strength of a modern floor.' It was in the same spirit that he wrote of the house to his mother, that it was 'a right old, strong, roomy, brick house, built about one hundred and fifty years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down.' So Professor Masson has told the world how Carlyle used to expatiate on the excellent quality of the bricks of which the house was built, 'such as they make no longer in this age of shams.' Was it not an appropriate dwelling for a writer who worshipped strength and honesty in all their manifestations?"

Dolly had not been listening as attentively as is her wont. Indeed, she seemed to have been following a different train of thought altogether,

for, at this point, she suddenly rose and walked over to my desk. "Let me have an innings now," she said, taking up the volume I had been quoting from. "What do you suppose Mrs. Carlyle thought of the fine house after she had lived ten years in it, with that everlasting sound in her ears 'of men, women, children, omnibuses, carriages, glass coaches, street-coaches, waggons, carts, dog-carts, steeple-bells, door-bells, gentlemen-raps, twopenny-post-raps, footmen-showers-of-raps; of the whole devil to pay, as if plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, sudden death, and wee Eppie Daidle were broken loose to make me diversion?' Here's Froude's account of one of her typical summers. Do you think any self-respecting woman, especially if she is married to a journalist, is likely to help to perpetuate the memory of this domestic slavery? Listen: Carlyle was having his holiday in Scotland: 'During the three months of his absence the house in Cheyne Row had undergone a thorough repair. This process, which the dirt of London makes necessary every four or five years, is usually undergone in the absence of the owners. Mrs. Carlyle, feeble and out of health as she was, had remained, to spare her husband expense, through the paint and noise, directing everything herself, and restoring everything to order and cleanliness at a minimum of cost. The walls had been painted or papered, the floors washed, the beds taken to pieces and remade, the injured furniture mended. With her own hands she had newly covered chairs and sofas, and stitched carpets and curtains; while for Carlyle himself she had arranged a library exactly in the form which he had declared before that it was essential to his peace that his own working-room should have. For three days he was satisfied, and acknowledged a certain admiration.' And then everything went wrong again, just because he couldn't settle to his work—just the way you are when some editor sends you a religious book to review, though I must say for you that you don't take your worries quite so badly as Carlyle. First, he insisted that he would have a room made for himself on the roof, where no sound could enter. When shown how much this would cost, he chose to have his rooms altered below—partitions made or taken down, new fireplaces introduced. Again the house was filled with dust and workmen, saws grating, and hammers clattering, and that poor, angelic Mrs. Carlyle in the midst of it all."

"Angels are not reputed to have tempers, Dolly," I observed.

"Oh, yes! of course! that's so like a man! run the poor thing down because she did occasionally pluck up a spirit! If I had been in her place, I would have kept Carlyle in much better order, the old brute! And you think I'm going to let you subscribe for the purchase of a house where a martyrdom like that went on for thirty years? I'd much

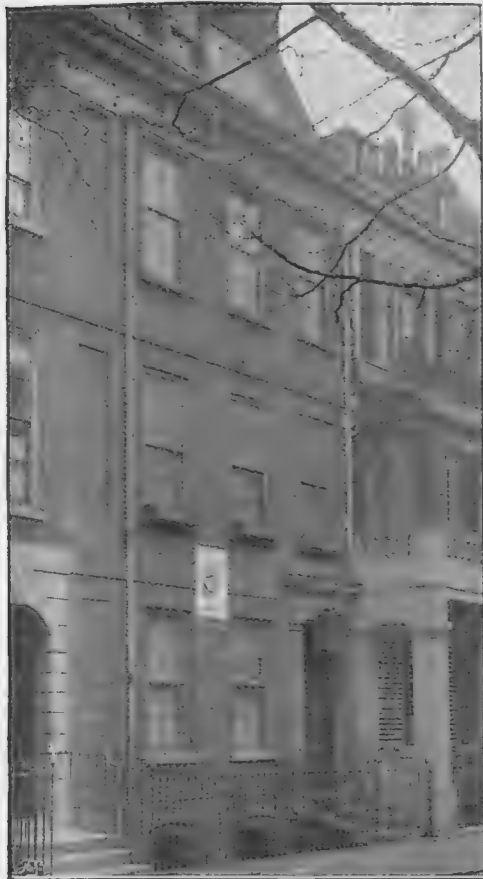


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

CARLYLE'S HOUSE IN CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA.



Photo by G. P. Thompson.

rather pay to have it pulled down and salt strewn on it, as they did in the Bible. Such a bad example for literary men! However, it's a pity to waste the cheque, so just make it payable to bearer, Jack."

I did so, and received the appointed reward. What became of the filthy lucre I was never told; but I observed that Dolly came down to dinner yesterday in a new green dress, which became her vastly. And I thought it as well to take this opportunity of explaining why that particular subscription never arrived.

G. P.

## A CHAT WITH A FAMOUS JOCKEY.

"While I am most willing to be interviewed for *The Sketch*," remarked Mr. Mornington Cannon, upon the occasion of my calling at Ridgeway, the charming home of the genial young champion jockey, which is situate upon the eastern bank of the Itchen, rather less than a mile above the confluence of that river and Southampton's wide waterway, "yet I cannot understand," he went on to say, "in what way my experiences or opinions can be of anything like public interest."

"But you are not oblivious of the fact that your holding championship honours in the riding-world in itself arouses an interest in your



Photo by Clarence Harleg, St. John's Wood and Newmarket.  
MORNINGTON CANNON.

career; and it is impossible for your knowledge, in what pertains to turf-matters, to be at all limited."

"Then, let me say, as I am evidently in for the operation of interviewing—which, I must confess, I am not accustomed to—that, to commence at the very beginning, I was born in 1873, and that particular event was heralded to my father, so he has told me, in a telegram which was handed to him as he was dismounting from a horse named Mornington, which had just won the Bath and Somerset Stakes."

"And now, if you please, Mr. Cannon, we'll go from the cradle to the saddle."

"Which will represent what we'll call a lapse of fourteen years, or nearly so; but my riding-experience, the first season, was limited to a couple of mounts only. The next year, however, found me frequently among the starters. My initial win was on Flint, for the City Bowl, at Salisbury, while the first event of importance which I secured was the Jubilee Stakes, at Sandown Park, my mount being upon Humewood; and I hope I shall be excused for taking pride in the fact that the horse upon which I scored that success was owned by my father."

"And, as all the world knows, many things have happened since then in your racing career. Would you mind giving an instance or two in the way of results which have surprised you?"

"Well, at the moment two, in particular, come before my mind's eye. The first relates to what I felt confident was a victory which I had won upon Ravensbury in the Grand Prix, only to find that the judge had given the verdict of a short head against me. It was a keen disappointment, for the Grand Prix is an event which I particularly desire to win. The second surprise to which I allude was in gaining the Leger upon Throstle, who, you will remember, started at 50 to 1, and whose reputation as a bolter was well known."

"Of late years it has been somewhat customary to describe a Derby winner as 'the best horse of the century.' What might be your opinion on that subject?"

"The century I cannot pretend to speak in reference to; but, for several generations, Ormonde, to my mind, takes premier honours. And

for the particular reason that, while he was good at five furlongs, he was equally meritorious at a couple of miles, I should say that he was a stone better than several other horses for which 'century' honours have been claimed."

"Perhaps you will be so good as to dilate a little upon that sensational part of last season's riding—the race between yourself and T. Loates for first honours in the way of winning mounts?"

"Well, in respect to that, I might say that, up to within about two months of the finish of racing, I had no idea of being able to come out first, because I was aware that, owing to Loates being lighter, he could beat me in the way of engagements. However, thanks to quite a run of luck in the Leger week, my chances appeared to look fairly rosy, so I rode on, with the result which you have been pleased to refer to."

"And the competition was, no doubt, exciting?"

"Yes; but, of course, Tommy, who is a downright good little fellow, and I were the same friends as ever, and, maybe, it will be his turn next time."

"In speaking of weight, can you believe that, as alleged, Kitchener's weight at the beginning of his career was only 2 st. 7 lb.?"

"I must confess that I cannot understand anyone riding at 2 st. 7 lb. I have seen boys scale just under four stone, but not lighter."

"Might I ask what your brother Kempton, who has made such a successful début, can ride at?"

"Well, he doesn't go more than about five stone, but it is only young times with him yet."

"As you have ridden in France, you might be so good as to express an opinion on the people there who attend race-meetings."

"Perhaps I cannot better do so than by saying that they are patriotic—by which I mean, in a sporting sense, that they are most pleased when their own horses win. I might say that my father, who rode many times in France, invariably received a kindly reception from the crowd."

"I believe it to be a fact that, almost without an exception, the jockeys who ride in France are Englishmen?"

"That is so; and why Frenchmen don't go in for riding on the flat, I cannot say. There are a few of them, I believe, who do a bit of cross-country work, but I cannot offer anything like an authoritative opinion on the subject."

"And now let me introduce you to my wife," said the popular young jockey, as Mrs. Cannon entered the room, closely attended by one of her favourite dogs, who followed with all the dignity of an aide-de-camp.

"And as Mrs. Cannon is so good as to grace our proceedings with her presence," I said, "I think the last question which I shall inflict upon you will receive all the better consideration. It is, in short, how do you find your health at present?"

"I am pleased to say, much better than it has been for a long time past; in fact, I have not felt so well for years."

"You certainly give good bulletins of yourself," smilingly remarked Mrs. Cannon; "and if you can only keep as well as you think you are, then your best friends will have no cause to fear."

I had hardly finished returning thanks for the kind reception accorded to me, before Mrs. Cannon remarked, "But you haven't seen my dogs," which drew a significant look from the aide-de-camp.

And if ever there were jolly dogs in the world, verily they are those which frolic and romp amid the many delightful associations at Ridgeway. But not those canines only are the recipients of Mrs. Cannon's kindness, for, without the gates of their home, the people delight to do honour in the way of acknowledging many little acts of generous feeling displayed towards them by the esteemed young jockey and his charming wife.

J. F. F.

## TO MAY YOHÉ.

You butterfly!

You singing bird!

You dainty sweet,

Sweet woman with the dancing feet!

At sight of you, I know not why,

All tenderest little thoughts are stirred

In my soul's depths—when you flash by.

I love you at each swift heart-beat,

Yet sit and never say a word—

So many "loves" thrill thus unheard.

O! little throat,

So slim and white!

Dear voice as deep,

Restful, and wonderful as sleep—

Our whole souls ache at each full note.

Fall faint with rapture, swoon to flight,

And follow where your love-songs float!

And learn to laugh and long and weep,

In slumbrous calm shut safe from blight,

Strange, dreamful singing, brief delight;

Good-night, good-night!

SISTER OLIVE.





MISS MAY YOHÉ AS DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON, AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

*"Gaily I ride, with spur and whip,  
For the kiss that waits on my lady's lip."*

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "AWKWARD FOR MRS. JIMMY."

It was a long journey, and we were fellow-passengers. She was a very pretty woman—her profile, at least, of which she showed me a good deal during the first part of the journey. Our conversation had dealt with generalities until the carriage had gradually emptied itself.

For two hours we were to be alone, and the dusk closes in early in December. I think it was she who first approached—confidences. I discovered that she had been married four years, and that her husband was a good deal older than herself, and rich. I did not think it necessary to inform her that my wife was—slightly—my senior, and also rich. In fact, I did not mention that I was married at all.

It seemed unimportant. And, as I said before, she was very pretty, and the soft dusk was eminently becoming to a classic profile, a knot of golden (really golden) hair, and furs. A fair woman always looks so well in furs.

"It is a wearisome journey," she said; "and I hate the country! I almost *cried* when I left London."

"Happy London!" I said.

"I shall be tied here for the next six months," she went on, ignoring my ejaculation.

"I wish you might," I said, with a glance round the carriage.

"How foolish you are!"—but I fancy she blushed. "I mean in Cornwall. What possesses people to live in Cornwall?"

"I'm sure I don't know. The Land's End is there, isn't it?"

"Of course. But my husband's place isn't quite so remote. Do you know Lostwithiel?"

I did not know it. I was on my way to make its acquaintance; in fact, a relative of my wife's had recently died and left her a small property in that place.

I leant back and reflected on the law of coincidence. I also thought I would not inform her of my destination—yet. It might check the tide of confidence, and I felt sympathetic. I don't exactly know how I gathered that Mr. Jimmy was not sympathetic. Women are so clever at conveying things of that sort. The conclusion I arrived at was that he did not understand her. As if any modern husband can possibly be expected to understand his wife! If he *did*, she would have nothing left to grumble at, and marriage would be worse even than it is. A grievance just manages to lift it out of the range of commonplace.

"His people live near us," she went on. "If there is one thing more objectionable than another, it is having one's husband's people in the same neighbourhood."

"Or one's own?" I said.

"Oh, *mine* don't trouble me," she went on. "Jimmy's are bad enough. I don't know what I should do with *two* sets of relatives."

"Jimmy," I said interrogatively, "is the happy possessor of—?"

A glance said the rest.

"Yes. I don't know that it constitutes happiness."

"*You* wouldn't, of course. You are only conferring it."

"Ah!" she said, "it's easy to see you are not married. You couldn't make those speeches if you were."

I felt a prick of conscience, and blessed the friendly dusk, as I stooped to re-arrange my rug.

"Husbands," I said, "are ungrateful beings, as a rule. But you—I mean the man who—"

Her light laugh covered my confusion. Decidedly she knew something of the art of flirting, did Mrs. Jimmy—I had not yet discovered her other name.

"I know what you mean," she said. "It is exactly what every man pretends till he is a husband."

I tried to look indignant. "Some men," I said, "could appreciate the gift of a beautiful woman's love, only cruel Fate generally denies them an opportunity of winning it."

"If I were a man—" she began abruptly.

"Don't say it," I pleaded. "The other sex would have lost so much."

"You are an adept in the art of flattery."

"You were speaking," I said irrelevantly, "about relatives."

"Not mine—my husband's."

She paused and looked at me reflectively; then sketched some portraits with a light touch and a *souper* of feminine malice.

I enjoyed the sketches immensely. I felt I should have no difficulty in recognising the originals when I, too, had a proprietary interest in the society and the neighbourhood.

"The worst of the lot is my sister-in-law," she concluded. "She is—well, just a little bit of a cat. And so—"

"Jealous?" I suggested. She really looked so much prettier now she was animated.

She nodded. "Of course, I don't *say* so, but I know it."

"You naturally would," I observed; "it's a thing a woman detects very quickly."

"Jealous because I'm younger, and better off, and more popular, and—well, you can guess the rest."

"There is not much left to guess unless it is—that your personal attractions—"

"Oh! no more compliments, please."

"I was merely going to add—make you naturally more popular with men than—"

"Oh!" she said innocently, "women are very fond of me, too."

"It is possible," I observed, "but much to their credit."

She looked at me more keenly than she had yet done.

"I'm afraid," she said, "you are inclined to be sarcastic."

I assured her my worst enemy could never have brought such a charge against me. My great fault was a too—too cordial acknowledgment of the feelings of the moment.

"I don't quite believe *that*, you know," she went on.

"Yet I gave you credit for intellectual powers," I said reproachfully.

She laughed. "If you meant one half of what you've said, I should feel I had been—well, a little too—too—"

"Don't spare me," I pleaded. "Was it too—friendly?"

"That expresses it well enough."

"A woman," I observed, "may receive a remark with displeasure—yet not be really displeased."

"You appear," she said, "to know a good deal about women."

"You are all interesting," I said convincingly. "A few of you are beautiful as well. That makes you dangerous."

"I should fancy," she said, "that you liked danger."

"And you," I said, "like adventure?"

"I like most things that I can't get!"

"How like a woman!"

"I detest a man to say that! Do you never fancy that what most women *say*, some woman may really mean?"

"The puzzling contradictions—" I began.

She gave a little impatient "Psh!"

"If men only knew how to treat us!" she said impatiently. "Will they ever learn?"

"I'm afraid not," I said. "It is a great subject, you see. There ought to be colleges for educating us in that branch of life alone!"

I leant back, and gave her a slight outline of such a college and its curriculum. It would, of course, be conducted and carried on solely by women. There was a great future before them.

She began to laugh. "We are not so difficult to understand, after all!" she said. "If you were always on the look-out for the unexpected, you would soon master 'our manifold nature,' as someone calls it."

"The lady of 'The Earthly Triplets,' wasn't it? That book has done a great deal of harm—"

"Oh! there I differ from you—"

"To men," I concluded. "You did not give me time to finish my sentence."

"Women," she observed, "with a flash of sapphire eyes from under dark lashes, 'are more than grateful for that wonderful book.'"

"I suppose it was wonderful," I said, "to know so much about men—bad men, of course. Or does that all come to a woman by—intuition?"

"It comes from experience, I should say," she answered.

I grew alarmed. "I hope," I said, "you don't write books?"

"Oh, no!"—she gave a delightful little shudder—"I'm not clever in—in *that* way."

"Nature," I remarked thoughtfully, "thoroughly understands the law of compensations."

She looked at me suspiciously. "How we've talked, haven't we?"

"Not half enough," I said. "The tedium of this long journey has been most agreeably enlivened by you. As a rule, women are afraid to speak to a man without an introduction."

"I fancy sometimes they must lose a great deal by that fear."

"I'm sure they do," I answered heartily. "Now *we* are getting on capitally, aren't we?"

"Y—es," she said, a little uncertainly; "but then probably we shall never meet again, or if we do, we shall be formally introduced and be horribly conventional."

I leant slightly forward. "Let us make the most," I said, "of an hour when we needn't be horribly conventional."

Her hand—white, soft, ungloved—lay temptingly on the dark fur rug that covered her knees. The natural chivalry of the "Old Man" impelled me to do homage to its beauty.

"Oh!" she murmured, and withdrew it—not *too* quickly.

"It was unconventional," I said. "I thought we agreed—"

"I did not agree. This is my station!"

Lights were flashing; porters shouting. I let down the window.

A little grey-haired man, with a slightly inflamed nose and an uninteresting face, was standing on the platform.

Her own face changed. Somehow it seemed less pretty, but excessively—conventional.

"There's my husband," she said.

I emptied the rack above her of various feminine impedimenta of travel. The door was opened. She stood for a moment hesitating, then looked at me. "Good-bye," she said.

I was folding up *my* rug and glancing meaningly at *my* bag.

"This is my station, also," I said. . . .

How very becoming a blush is to a fair woman!

My wife and I have been settled in our Cornish mansion for nearly six months. Most of our neighbours have called on us. Those local sketches were perfectly recognisable. As yet, however, I have looked in vain for Mrs. Jimmy's card.

"RITA."



THE ART OF THE DAY.



MRS. MANDEVILLE.—FREDERIC YATES.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED HOLLYER.

## ART NOTES.

The thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers is now on view at their Gallery in Pall Mall. The show is, on the whole, an interesting one, although we are not quite sure that the plan of hanging slabs of work (as it were, in one patch) by one particular artist all in one place does not somewhat make for monotony. For instance, the first six examples are by D. Y. Cameron; then nine Charles Holroyds; seven Frank Shorts; four Axel Haigs; and so forth. Still, there may be a convenience in such a course; and it has, at least, the merit of being traditional.

To come, then, to the details of the exhibition, one notices, among the works of Mr. Charles Holroyd, a rather fine outdoor subject (No. 7), "Hay-rick." The composition is good and the line strong.

Mr. Axel Haig is always clever and engrossing. His "On the Stour, Canterbury" (No. 35), is conventional but pleasantly, even admirably, drawn, while his "At Goslar, in the Hartz" (No. 37), is a beautiful composition; all its details help to the resulting beauty, particularly the sky-line of the houses, which is extremely graceful and refined from the point at which the artist has consciously caught it. Mr. David Law's "Durham Cathedral" (No. 52) has a noble and grandiose effect, and Mr. R. Goff sends nearly a dozen works of unequal merit. Nos. 57, 58, and 59 we find mere affectations; No. 60, "Apple Tree—Study," is quite decorative; "Dockyard, Portsmouth" (No. 63), is fine as a whole, and with a particularly sea-like sea—a compliment we can rarely give; and his "Madeira Walk, Brighton," is full of delicate and refined line.

Mr. William Strang's style is always good, and year by year he seems to wear with more native ease the mantle of Dürer; for surface-covering it is like enough: but Dürer's underclothing—? His "Mountain Nymph" has grace and is full of ingenious indication, and his "Austin Dobson, Esq.," is well modelled. For the rest, we may conclude by the mention of the names of the more conspicuous exhibitors. Mr. Walter Burgess's "Peterborough Cathedral" (No. 92) is fine and classic; Mr. Burridge's "On the Arno, Florence" (No. 151), betrays a capital point of view, if its execution is a little monotonous and its ambition too obvious; Mr. Wilfred Thompson's "Mors Consolatrix" is excellently conceived, but wrongly titled; and Mr. Alfred East's "A Midnight Moon" (No. 206) has kin with a fine poetry.

Mr. Frederic Yates, who painted the portrait of Mrs. Mandeville, reproduced this week, is an artist who studied in Paris, at the Studio of M. Bonnat, whose technique and method he closely follows. He has established himself at 29, Maddox Street, and his works are now yearly seen at the Royal Academy, New Gallery, New English Art Club, and other exhibitions.

Mr. George Elgood's water-colour drawings of "Gardens in Many Lands," now exhibiting at the Fine Art Society (148, New Bond Street), are a continuation of his labours in many other gardens. As Mr. Blomfield reminds us in his catalogue, in 1893 Mr. Elgood drew



GIPSY.—EDWARD TAYLER.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.

mainly from English sources; but in the present exhibition he has been further afield. Italy and Spain have been submitted to his artistic desires no less than England and Ireland. Speaking generally of Mr. Elgood's collection, we are inclined to think that he has, perhaps, been eager to seize rather the gorgeous aspect of a garden, where brilliant blossoms are gathered together in masses of colour, than the quieter, less obvious, aspects which serve as a foil to gorgeousness in every beautiful garden.

This is only to speak of the general average. There are some beautiful exceptions. Take, however, the "Villa Borghese, Rome" (No. 1). None can look upon it without being feelingly persuaded that the colour is too pronounced, and the masses of flowers deliberately selected from a pleasure in exaggeration. On the other hand, "An Irish Garden, Abbey-Leix" (No. 3), is delicate and gentle; "Michaelmas Daisies: Rockingham" (No. 10), is distinguished by its soft colour; while "Lilies: Tangier" (No. 32)—purchased by her Majesty—is nothing if not graceful, tender, and exquisitely refined in colour. To return to another key, "The Terrace Steps, Bulwick" (No. 50), is almost oppressively gorgeous; and "The Wild Border, Abbey-Leix" (No. 18), is scarcely less exaggerated by the finger of—Nature.

Mr. Elgood has a peculiar charm in his interpretation of the details of flowers. Without an absurd exaggeration of every minute and unimportant characteristic, he, nevertheless, succeeds admirably in conveying the impression of a flower and of many flowers in one mass. He rarely displeases by any false scheme of colour. His "Poppies" (No. 29), for example, is a harmony of much boldness, and, what one does not always associate



LATE R.N.—PHILIP C. SMALLFIELD.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.



with boldness, is entirely successful. His "Wayside Shrine, Mentone" (No. 74), shows a yet keener mastery over atmosphere.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries, Mr. Denovan Adam is exhibiting a series of pictures, in oil, "illustrating the months in Scotland, from January to December." We lack chiefly in these pictures a sensitive interpretation of light. The sky is there; the clouds are there, and the open fields and flowers; but the light of the sun seems withdrawn from them: they are lit, as it were, from their own resources. We make some exceptions. "Summer Haze: July" (No. 13) is precisely determinate of the one fact which the artist desires to emphasise. Here is just the occluded light that one looks for in such a subject, and the landscape is attractive. "The Farm Loan" (No. 29) is interesting, and not without power, but it is a little overdone. We cannot convict Mr. Adam of being what is called a "born colourist"; but sometimes, as in "Mid-day — Loch Vennachar" (No. 7), he discovers a mastery over that most difficult of colours, blue.

Two little exhibitions at the Japanese Gallery are worth a visit, not only for their inherent interest, but also for the significant contrast they make side by side. The first series, called "Romance and Reality," by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., is distinguished by its delicacy and a vague kind of delicate prettiness. "Walberswick, near Southwold" (No. 10), is full of prettiness and with a colour that suburban people of excellent taste call "nice." "Tulips" (38), again, is an admirable little picture; indeed, among flowers this artist is easily at his best—although it is to be added that he achieves a very rare distinction, a really artistic point of view, in his "Among the Rocks, Perranporth" (No. 44).



BELOW LONDON BRIDGE.—FRANCES N. NESBITT.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.

The second series, called "The Beauties of Town and Country," by H. D. Shepard, is in strong contrast with the other. Mr. Shepard is a devout follower and disciple of the late Fred Walker; his style is far tighter, far more compact, than Mr. Brewtnall's; he lacks softness, too, and is fond of unessential details. One must not, however, forget the opulent beauty (however solid) of "The Garden, Losely," or the excellent choice of subject developed in "St. Paul's and Blackfriars," which would be quite admirable but for the somewhat excessive strength of its colour.



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—WALTER W. BURGESS.

Exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.



## WHY MISS DANEBY NEVER MARRIED.

The fire burnt brightly in Miss Daneby's sitting-room, the flames throwing dark shadows across the old oak wainscotting.

Miss Daneby herself was sitting by the fire, an open book on her knee, and her hands clasped listlessly together. Considerably more than half a century had passed over her head; but, save for the soft white hair, time had dealt leniently with her. Even now scarce a wrinkle was to be seen, and her stately figure was still unbent. The kind blue eyes were still bright, and could still smile silent sympathy for the sorrowing or rejoice in another's joy.

This evening Miss Daneby's thoughts have wandered back to long years ago, years when— A rap at the door rouses her, and a bright young voice is asking admission.

"Auntie, darling, I have brought some flowers to finish your room with. What! still in the dark?" and two brown eyes peered round the large bundle of flowers that Miriam Daneby was bringing in with her.

"I have not rung for the lights to be brought yet, as this time is always the nicest; but, I confess, it's too dark to read"—and, with that, Miss Daneby closed the open book.

"I should think it was, Auntie"—and, so saying, Miriam placed the flowers in a heap on the floor, and drew up a low chair to the fire.

"Perhaps it's a pity to have the lights yet, and it's still quite early; but"—with a bright smile—"it's not too dark to talk, and the flowers can wait."

This girl is more than usually attractive. Without having any claim to real beauty, she possesses a pair of the largest and brightest brown eyes, and a delicately curved mouth, whose full red lips can laugh and pout at will. Crowning all is a wealth of red-gold hair, which is allowed "its own sweet way," as it falls in somewhat untidy curls on Miriam's low forehead. Her well-built figure is clad in a dark-serge gown, rather plainly and loosely made, and undoubtedly unbecoming; yet, in spite of this, she manages to look well in it.

Miriam is only eighteen! At eighteen, what a bright and joyous thing is life! what endless possibilities it seems to hold! At that age we think the world and all its joys have been created for us alone. We even forget that such a thing as sorrow exists, and only as we grow older, either with years or experience, do we find out our mistake.

"Auntie, will you tell me a story? The story, you know, you've promised me so often—why you never married. Do you remember, Auntie, when I was little you used to say it was because no one had asked you? I never believed that"—and the girl laughed. "Then you promised you'd tell me when I was eighteen, and now I *am* eighteen"—and Miriam gave a tug at her skirts with all the pleased proprietorship of long dresses. "So *do*, Auntie, dear."

"Very well, darling." Miss Daneby sighed, and Miriam drew up her chair, and rested her golden head on the old lady's knee.

"Now, Auntie, I'm ready"; and Miss Daneby began.

"I was just about your age when I 'came out,' and for months past I had looked forward to a London season, and thought my first ball would never come. But the much-looked-for night came at last, and, when dressed and ready to start, I thought it the happiest moment of my life; but it was nothing to what followed. The flowers, the music, the lights, the bright dresses, and the gay people wandering hither and thither, all dazzled me and put me in mind of fairyland. I did not lack partners, and danced till the small hours of the morning. Everyone said I had been a success, but I paid little attention to any of their remarks: I had enjoyed myself wildly, what more could I want to make me happy? I was very, very young.

"Soon after, I met Mr. G—. I remember it was almost my first dinner-party, and, having sufficiently recovered myself from a fit of shyness, I looked round at my next-door neighbour, and there, on my left, were two blue eyes laughing at me. He must have noticed my shyness, I fancied, and, with the pride of youth, I deeply resented it. After that I found the blue eyes nearly always smiled when they looked at me, and I got to love that smile, and even that evening I realised that only foolish eighteen could take offence at such a trifle: so we laughed and made friends! All through dinner he talked to me a good deal, and I forgot my shyness, and became communicative on many subjects.

"After that evening we met frequently, danced together, rode together; in fact, hardly a day passed without our meeting, till at last I began to look for him, whether in the Park or at a ball or concert. At that time, life was brimming over with happiness. I had no very definite idea of the future, and the present was so sweet that I preferred not thinking of a change of any sort.

"The first spot on my happiness was at one ball where I had expected to find Mr. G—, and, though I was not enjoying things a bit, I did not want to come away. Perversity of human nature! And only in the carriage did I confess to myself that I had stayed on in the hope of his turning up late. Well, he didn't, and it was with a somewhat heavy heart I went to sleep that night; but by next morning the cloud had passed away. Were we not going to meet and ride together?

"Could his presence make any difference to my enjoyment? At first I laughed at the idea, but soon found it was not to be laughed at. Where he was, there my enjoyment was complete; but where he was not, I seldom cared to stay. Naturally, people began to talk about us, and, as is the way of the world, speculated as to what would come of it, if it would be a good thing or not; well, let them talk—what cared I? I was so certain he loved me that I smiled when people told me that Lady

Dallas was doing all she knew to catch him for her daughter. Poor Alice Dallas! Why, he never so much as looked at her when I was near! How soon was pride to have a fall!

"The summer was nearly over, and people began to hurry away from London. We met again in the country, and spent long days together; and again people began to wonder why he did not propose. Perhaps I was the person who wondered least, for was I not sure that, sooner or later, he undoubtedly would? Then, one Sunday evening, we parted, to meet again the following week; but somehow that meeting never came about. In the long months that followed, I remembered him as I saw him last, waving his handkerchief from the carriage-window.

"Then, one day, I heard he was engaged to Alice Dallas. At first I would not believe it; but when belief was forced upon me, my grief knew no bounds. Till that day I hardly realised how fond I had grown of G—, and the prospect of a long life without him appalled me. I cried as if my heart would break, and then pride came to my rescue. Full of courage and firm resolve, I took up the thread of my daily life, and hoped not only to hide my feelings, but to still the dull, aching pain by plunging wildly into reckless excitement. It was all very well for a bit; but the reaction was bound to come, and I discovered that I must try some other remedy.

"We met several times after the engagement was announced—as friends—and I talked and laughed as in the old days, save, perhaps, for a touch of bitterness, which then I had never known, and the sound of my voice seemed hollow and unreal, perhaps because tears were so near the surface. Then came the wedding and subsequent congratulations, and I was among the first to offer mine; and was it fancy that I thought the bridegroom looked at me a little wistfully, and was hardly as radiant as the occasion warranted? But, then, no one thought it was a love match! Had not Alice herself given out that she did not care for him? And he? But, then, why had he taken this step?"

Miss Daneby paused, and in the now fast-gathering darkness Miriam could discern a silent tear, while she herself was not unmoved.

"Auntie," said the girl, slipping her hand into the old lady's; "when people love like that, do they ever forget?"

"I don't think they ever *quite* forget; but time softens all grief, and often leaves one the better for its mark. When I found that excitement could not heal my wound, I began, in a small way, to try and find some work to do, even if it were only helping those who were suffering around me. And when the first feeling of blank and utter loneliness had worn off and I was able to settle to more regular occupation, I learnt that life still had possibilities. It is a lesson which comes to us all sooner or later, but perhaps I learnt it a little younger than most."

Miriam was silent; then slowly, as if touching on an almost sacred subject—

"Auntie, is he—are they alive?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"And was there some mistake?"

"That, dear, I never now think of. Only One knows; but some day we, too, shall see face to face."

The door opened, and the light from the lamps now flooded the old room; and Miriam slowly rose and slipped through the open door, while the flowers remained forgotten on the floor.

## FROM ARCADIE.

The maiden wore a simple gown;  
Her kirtle was of Lincoln green;  
Her dainty hood of russet brown  
Was jealous lest her curls be seen.  
Her snowy kerchief, pure  
And trim,  
Gave her a look demure  
And prim.  
"Ah, this," thought I, "must surely be  
A merrie maid from Arcadie!"

She grasped a brightly ribboned crook  
(The handle like the letter S),  
Which made the merrie maiden look  
Just like a Watteau shepherdess.  
Around her neck a horn  
Was slung,  
From which, perchance, at morn  
Were flung  
The notes that echoed wild and free  
Through all the glades of Arcadie.

A sweet and simple rustic maid,  
Like Eve (you say) before the fall—  
She knew nor field nor garden-glade  
(Except a Covent Garden ball);  
For there she waltzed 'mong belle  
And beau;  
(It's sad to have to tell  
You so)  
I found she came from Stratford, E—  
Which aint a bit like Arcadie!



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



JOHN WORTHING, J.P. (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER).

*"My poor brother Ernest!"*



CECILY CARDEW, WORTHING'S WARD (MISS MILLARD).

*"I keep a diary in order to enter the wonderful secrets of my life. If I didn't write them down, I would probably forget all about them."*



CECILY AND WORTHING.

CECILY : *"What is the matter, Uncle Jack? You look as if you have a toothache."*



ALGERNON MONCRIEFFE (MR. AYNESWORTH) AND CECILY.

CECILY : *"You, I see from your card, are Uncle Jack's brother, my wicked cousin Ernest."*

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



HON. GWENDOLEN FAIRFAX (MISS IRENE VANBRUGH) AND WORTHING.

WORTHING: "*Will you marry me?*"



GWENDOLEN AND CECILY.

GWENDOLEN: "*Well—I speak quite candidly—I wish that you were fully thirty-five, and more than usually plain for your age.*"



GWENDOLEN, WORTHING'S BUTLER (MR. DYALL), AND CECILY.

THE BUTLER: "*Shall I lay tea, Miss?*"



WORTHING, GWENDOLEN, AND MONCRIEFFE.

WORTHING: "*The Manor House, Woolton.*"



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS PRISM AND CECILY.

MISS PRISM: "Memory, my dear Cecily, is the diary we all carry about with us."



CECILY AND MONCRIEFFE.

CECILY: "I hope your hair curls naturally."

MONCRIEFFE: "Yes, darling, with a little help from others."



MONCRIEFFE, WORTHING, GWENDOLEN, AND CECILY.

CECILY: "We're going to be christened this afternoon."



MONCRIEFFE, CECILY, AND WORTHING.

WORTHING: "Nothing will induce me to take his hand!"

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS PRISM (MRS. CANNINGE) AND WORTHING

WORTHING : " *Poor Ernest! he had many faults, but it's a sail blow.* "



MONCRIEFFE AND WORTHING.

WORTHING : " *Give me back my cigarette-case.* "



WORTHING AND MONCRIEFFE.

WORTHING : " *You have been christened already.* "



MONCRIEFFE AND LANE, HIS SERVANT (MR. KINSEY PEILE).

MONCRIEFFE : " *Lane, you're a perfect pessimist!* "  
 LANE : " *I do my best to give satisfaction.* "



## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXXVI.—THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

Some eight-and-twenty years ago the North of Scotland happened to be represented numerously and authoritatively in London journalism. The most distinguished of these gentlemen from the other side of the Tweed was undoubtedly the former editor of the defunct *Morning Chronicle*, and at that time, in the earlier and later 'sixties, the actual conductor, as, with the late Mr. Beresford Hope, he may be called the founder, of the *Saturday Review*. Being an occasional contributor, chiefly of what were then called "middle" articles, to this journal, I had some official intercourse with this very remarkable man, the late John Douglas Cook. To this day I retain a lively recollection of his striking appearance, and of his not discourteous if somewhat peremptory manner—a middle-aged gentleman, of comfortable habit, sanguine complexion, short neck, deeply set twinkling eyes, with a pervading expression of countenance at once significant of intellectual power, of shrewd insight into character, and a not austere indifference to the good things of this life.

John Douglas Cook held the reins of the daily newspaper, once also edited by Black, during the whole period of its support of the Peel party, which, as ought not to be forgotten, consisted chiefly of the Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea. At this epoch, Lord Robert Cecil (subsequently Lord Cranborne, to-day Marquess of Salisbury), Mrs. Lynn Linton, and the present Sir William V. Harcourt, were prominent members of the literary staff of the *Morning Chronicle*. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom I am not myself sufficiently senior to remember in his journalistic epoch, had been, if I mistake not, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, introduced by his tutor, the late Sir H. S. Maine, to Mr. Cook, under whom, subsequently, on the staff of the *Saturday*, the distinguished author of "Ancient Law" long and actively served. At the demise of the *Chronicle*, the *Saturday Review* was started, with Mr. Beresford Hope's money, Douglas Cook being appointed editor. The chief naturally took with him his old *Chronicle* company. To this, additions were, of course, made from time to time, notably, I imagine, the late G. S. Venables, the reputed original of Thackeray's George Warrington, and the late T. C. Sandars, editor of *Justinian*. The nominal sub-, or, to speak with technical accuracy, assistant-editor of the *Saturday*, was Mr. Philip Harwood, who, in his turn, on the death of Mr. Douglas Cook, in 1868, succeeded to the actual editorship. In the now remote days when I had a slight—but, while it lasted, continuous—connection with this journal, the collaborative principle was, apparently to some extent, employed in its management. The topics, their treatment, and the writers for the week always seemed to be settled on the Tuesday by Mr. Cook, who on that day held a *levée* at his chambers in The Albany, when he was accessible to such writers as he desired to encourage, and when it was my usual privilege to wait upon him. The right-hand man of this very remarkable chief was the late Rev. William Scott, of Hoxton, sometime editor of the *Christian Remembrancer*, whose name frequently occurs in the letters of the late J. R. Mozley. So far as I know, this gentleman—a great scholar, and the incarnation of accuracy—was the only person who had the slightest influence with Mr. Cook. His good word, I have reason to know, did go some way with his chief. Although it was never my fortune, save perhaps in the immense crowd of the annual *Saturday* dinners at Greenwich, to meet Mr. Scott, I enjoyed, as ever since I have continued to do, the friendship of his son, Mr. Clement Scott. His mention of my name to his father had brought me into personal relationship with Mr. Cook himself to a degree which, as a mere contributor of "social" or "middle" articles, it was not likely, without that gentleman's good offices, I should ever have attained. Of the extent of intimacy existing between the *Saturday's* first editor and his more highly placed acquaintances, I can only speak from hearsay, but my information is accurate enough, so far as it goes. Cook's greatest friend always struck me as being the late Mr. Kinsman, then, and till his death, but very recently, Rector of Tintagel, Cornwall, where Mr. Cook had a small house, which he visited whenever his London life allowed, and which he bequeathed, I think, to the present Lady Hayter; and in Tintagel churchyard he now lies buried. To him the editor liked to divulge the secrets of the prison-house, and was fond of explaining the great

pains he took to bring his weekly bill of fare up to date, and—for he loved gastronomic similes—to ensure that each article in the *menu* was prepared by the right *chef*. Since the death of its earliest conductor I have had no professional relations of any kind with the *Saturday Review*. Philip Harwood's editorship continued from '67 throughout the whole of the next decade, and possibly a good deal later. The accomplished gentleman who, up to the time of its recent sale, edited, after Mr. Harwood, the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Walter H. F. Pollock, has long been known to me privately. To his good points of all kinds it would be superfluous to bear my testimony; but as a certain complimentary remark, since often misquoted in print, has long ago become public property, and was first uttered in my hearing by so keen a judge of journalists and journalism as another old editor of mine, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, there is no harm in giving here the actual verdict pronounced by this authority upon the graceful scholar and versatile writer who, till lately, held the reins in Southampton Street: "Of all the young men who have come under my hands since the *Pall Mall* was started," were the words of the then editor of that print, "I should give the first place to Walter Pollock." This is almost as much as if Dr. Warre, of Eton, should say of an ex-pupil that he was the best manufacturer of elegiacs who had ever been "sent up for good"; as if "Baby" Morrison should have pronounced someone the best oarsman who ever pulled in a Dark Blue crew; or as if General Keith-Fraser should assert of one of his officers that the annals of "the Blues" contained no records of superior prowess in cavalry sword-play. Since the departure of the property from the family of its original proprietors, the names of *Saturday* editors and writers alike have been to me, I regret to say, words of little meaning, worthy of all praise though they doubtless are. Now that this historic sheet has a fresh master of proved zeal and skill, I cannot doubt that its traditional distinctions will be perpetuated or renewed. Other times, other manners. Mr. Frank Harris has probably not much in common with John Douglas Cook; but, as since Cook's day many novel features have been introduced into his journal, especially under the régime of Mr. Pollock—the short news paragraph and the occasional verse—Mr. Frank Harris, whose acquaintance I have possessed for years, and of whose knowledge of his craft I can speak not wholly without experience, is, it may be anticipated, the kind of conductor who will not shrink from any novelties he may deem desirable, and who will also not lightly dissipate the heritage of solidly established fame on which the labours of his predecessors have enabled him to enter.—T. H. S. ESCOTT.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

The exhibition of photography to be held at the Imperial Institute in May promises to be very interesting. It will be divided into seven classes—the history of photography; artistic photography; photography as an industry; in its applications to industries, and to the sciences; education in connection with photography, and miscellaneous applications of it. It is not proposed to confine the historical section to home-work, but rather to make it a world-wide record of every process invented or discovered, embracing both those in use in the present day, and those which, forgotten or disused now, have nevertheless in the past done their duty in the evolution of photography. It will be divided into four sections. One will contain a purely historical collection of early processes and their products, together with the appliances involved in their use; also early or historical specimens of the processes and apparatus in present use. Another will show the birth and gradual evolution of the well-known processes of the present day, from the first crude experiments to the finished result. In the first class, for example, would be included early Daguerreotypes and Calotypes, and the apparatus used in their production; a collection of lenses, cameras, and such working-tools of the photographer would represent the manufacturing side, the art side being illustrated by a collection of the pictorial efforts of the first photographers. The literature of photography would also be represented by a collection of the earliest works devoted to the subject, as well as its earliest newspapers, as a foil to which might very well be shown a full and complete collection of all the journals which, at the present time, devote themselves to the art-science. In the photo-ceramic section it is hoped that the whole of the manipulations in the application of permanent photographs to the decoration of pottery, metals, &c., will be shown, with a large and interesting collection of the results. The Queen is greatly interested in photo-ceramic work.



## AN EMPRESS OF FASHION.

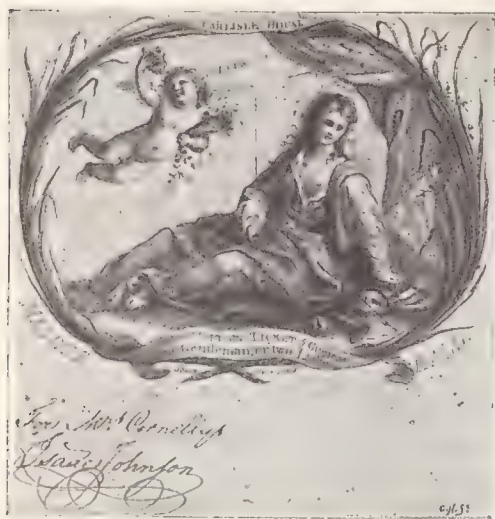
Although the name of Madame Teresa Cornelys is little known to the present generation, the story of the rise and decline of her popularity forms one of the most interesting and brilliant chapters in the history of fashionable life, somewhat more than a hundred and twenty years ago,



MADAME TERESA CORNELYS.

Her arrival in England was marked by her singing in Gluck's opera, "La Caduta de' Giganti," at the Haymarket in 1746. Fourteen years later she purchased Carlisle House, a large mansion in Soho Square, whose site is now partly occupied by St. Patrick's Church. At this house, which was specially suitable for her purpose, she instituted a series of subscription balls and assemblies. The idea was novel; immense numbers of patrons were attracted, and the entertainments were altogether so successful as to induce Madame Cornelys to try the experiment of a "Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music and Ball," in February, 1764. The first Morning Music Meeting took place in the following April.

Her success aroused the jealousy of other public entertainers, and an attempt was made to have "The Alien Act" put in force against her.



TICKET FOR MASKED BALL AT CARLISLE HOUSE.

In an appeal to her patrons, which was inserted in the public Press of the day, she "humbly hopes she has not been wanting in duty and gratitude to her protectors, and cannot sufficiently be thankful for the comforts she enjoys in this happy country, which she hopes never to leave."

The extent to which success continued to attend her efforts may be inferred from the fact that, in 1765, she altered and ornamented her Assembly Rooms, spending two thousand pounds in new embellishments and furniture alone, and making Carlisle House, as a contemporary writer informs us, "by far the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe." One of the ceilings was decorated in such an elaborate manner as to call forth from one of the newspapers of the day the remark that she "has devised the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling to one of the rooms that ever was executed or even thought of."

From 1769 to 1772 may be considered to have been the chief period of this remarkable woman's career. Galas, concerts, masquerades, and festivals, all equally splendid, succeeded each other throughout the season. A masquerade, unrivalled, in those days, in point of elegance and magnificence, was held in February, 1770, and the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom, to the number of nearly eight hundred, were present. Soho Square and the adjoining streets were lined with thousands of people anxious to see the persons going to the masked ball. No coach or chair was suffered to pass unreviewed; the spectators insisted upon the windows being open, and lights were held up to display the fair figures to the best advantage.

At nine o'clock the doors of Carlisle House were opened, and the company continued to pour in for about three or four hours after. A contemporary account says: "The richness and brilliancy of the dresses were almost beyond imagination; nor did any assembly ever exhibit a collection of more refined and beautiful female figures." Among this

bevy of beauty were the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Pembroke, and many others. Sir R. Phillips appeared in the character of a man half miller and half chimney-sweeper; Sir W. W. Wynne as a Druid; the Earl of Carlisle as a running footman, richly dressed, and with a diamond-studded cap; H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in an old English habit. The Countess of Pomfret personated a Greek Sultana, and was attended by two ladies dressed as slaves. Many other members of the aristocracy and nobility were present in gorgeous dresses, and one, by way of variety, perhaps, represented Adam, and came attired in flesh-coloured tights and an apron of fig-leaves.

Madame Cornelys thus placed herself in direct rivalry with the Italian Opera House, the proprietors of which were alarmed, and made application to the magistrates for the suppression of the novel amusement, on the ground of the disorderly character of the assemblies. So one of the principal singers was taken into custody, and a stop was put to the proceedings.

Then the Pantheon, one of the most splendid structures in the Metropolis, was opened, and the beauty and variety of its attractions withdrew from Carlisle House many influential patrons. In opposition to the masquerades at the Pantheon, however,

Madame Cornelys gave a masked ball on May 27, 1772, at which, among many other remarkable characters, Mr. Amfley appeared as a Dancing Bear, Lieutenant Jones as an Ape, and Mr. Crawford, who assumed the extravagant costume of a Macaroni, distributed a number of satirical handbills. Other experiments were tried, but the most strenuous efforts were insufficient to extricate the "Empress of Fashion" from her numerous pecuniary embarrassments. In the following November the list of bankrupts in the *London Gazette* contained the name, "Teresa Cornelys, Carlisle House, St. Ann, Soho, dealer," and finally the temple of festivity and all its gorgeous contents were advertised to be sold by public auction.

Just a hundred years ago Madame Cornelys set up at Knightsbridge as a vendor of asses' milk, but this scheme was a miserable failure. All her efforts were unable to bring back the support of her former patrons, and the Fleet Prison at length received her, and there the last scene of her eventful and varied career took place on Aug. 19, 1797.—ELDON HOPE.



THE MACARONI.



THE PROMENADE AT CARLISLE HOUSE.



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'ARRY (on the Continent): "I asked that waiter for a 'meeter' instead of a 'leeter' of wine, and I'm blowed if he 'ain't brought me a yard of it!"



## A FEW HOURS AT A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO.

I have heard it said that much amusement can be extracted from the inside of an omnibus. But, unless you are going a long journey, there is very little time to do more than recover from the various shocks you have undergone, and prepare for those to follow when the inevitable moment comes for getting out. I prefer to study human nature in a more roomy sphere, and under less exciting circumstances, and, for this purpose, paid a long visit to one of the most fashionable studios in the West End. That I was not disappointed in the quality and variety of the human family displayed for my amusement the following remarks will show.

This is somewhat the order in which they came. In the early hours the professional man, snatching a few minutes from patient or client, and good-humouredly feeling the ordeal a terrible bore, only to be endured as a means of fulfilling an old promise. A glow of self-satisfaction

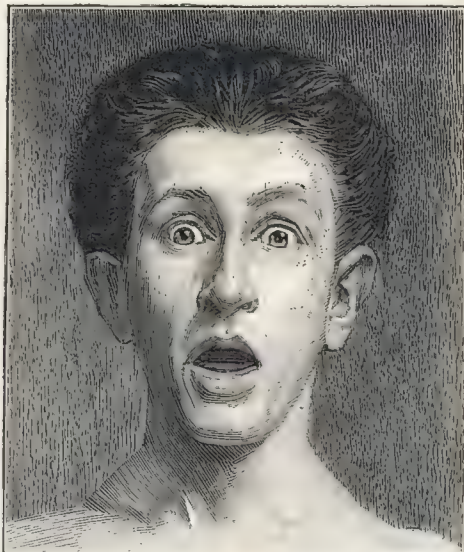
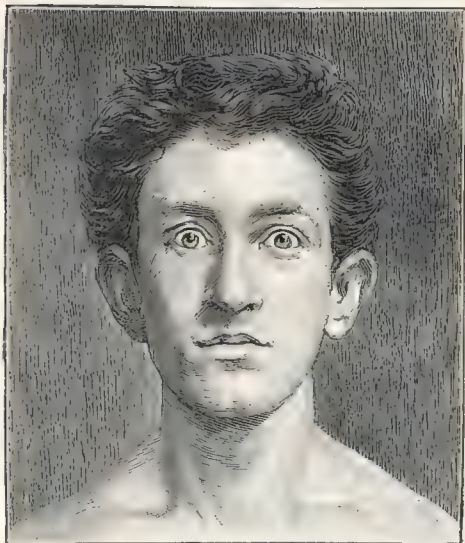
Then, again, the Man about Town, don't you know, whose immaculate person is arrayed in "Poole's" latest, and whose brain-power (if he has any) is exhausted in the effort to keep his eye-glass in place. The contortions are apt to disturb the placid vacancy of manner considered good form, an uneasy smile hovering over the faces of the onlookers.

The mother, with her only son, who will insist upon arranging his hair, and whose fussiness reduces him to a state of semi-idioey. The painful result is a foregone conclusion.

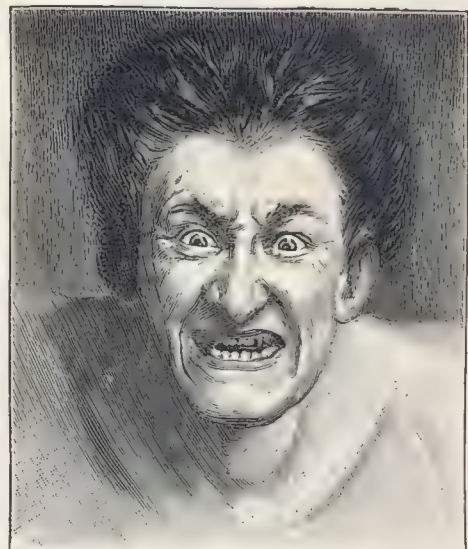
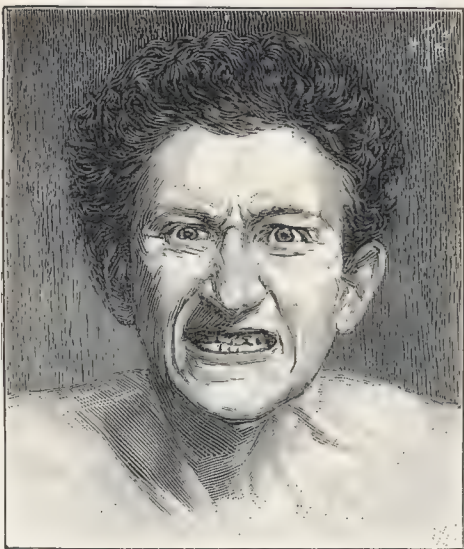
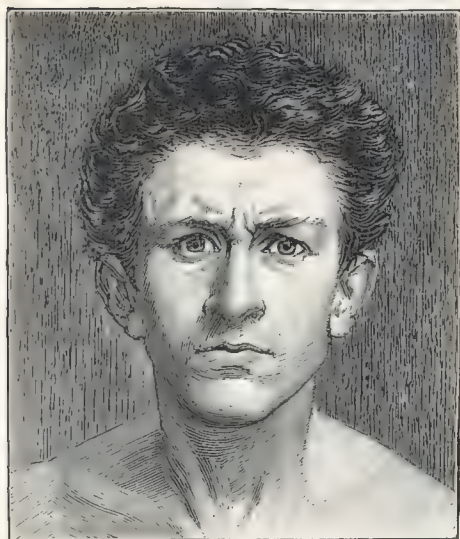
The young lady who blushing asks to see the "Great High Priest" himself, and, after much beating about the bush, when she finds that an interview with that important personage is not possible, finally admits that her object is to be photographed as a "study," her eyes or her nose qualifying her for that distinction. It is extremely difficult to politely intimate that one cannot agree with the opinion of too-partial friends.

Brave soldiers, gorgeous in uniform, with dazzling array of orders, and sometimes, conspicuous by its plainness, the little iron cross, most

## FACIAL CONTORTIONS.



SURPRISE.



RAGE.

radiates from every feature, and, unless subdued by the horrors of the head-rest, will probably spoil the portrait.

The Member of Parliament, graciously consenting to be photographed for the coming issue of "Portraits of the Day," or some equally important publication. Pompous and suave, he is fully alive to the distinction he is conferring in allowing his august countenance to be perpetuated.

The busy City man (with fifteen minutes to spare, and all the studios occupied for an indefinite time), who walks about with watch in hand, and glares at every suggestion that he might like to look at the papers. A grunt that he has seen them hours ago somewhat quells the anxiety to please; and, as he will not talk, he is left severely alone to call up as amiable an expression as is possible in his disturbed state of mind. Pity for the artists in the studio go with him on his way.

Later on, the fashionable world appears. Women pretty and gracious, whose charming manners make one wish that it were possible to enhance their beauty a thousandfold. Even then it is doubtful whether that would reach their exalted standard of excellence.

Their no less beautiful sister, who does not appear in Debrett. Beautiful, and dangerous to the peace of younger sons. London is her happy hunting-ground, and the importance of advertising her charms by the aid of photography is fully grasped. One of her victims sometimes accompanies her as purse-bearer, and enjoys much sustenance from the nob of his stick meanwhile.

coveted of them all—men who would calmly walk up to a cannon's mouth—look forward with dread to the few minutes in front of the camera, and declare each time that nothing will induce them to go through it again. This feeling has a most curious effect, in two ways: it either makes them very fierce and warlike at the critical moment, or else most limp and dejected, for all the world as if they were going to be put an end to in some inglorious fashion.

Charming young actresses, whose profession enables them to pose with ease and conjure up a delightful expression at will, much to the envy of the person who feels all angles—and looks it, too—at the mere sight of a camera.

Still they come, old and young—dear old ladies who wish to look old, old young ladies who wish to look young. Ah me! Human nature is here seen without much disguise, vanity, the great main-spring, moving the majority to futile efforts to look better than their best—with what success must be left to the imagination of those most concerned.

Photography is a wonderful art, but, until a camera is invented which will make large mouths small, turn ugly noses into Roman or Grecian ones, and transform a severe or otherwise unpleasant expression into a smiling or happy one, it has not fulfilled its mission, and must continue to be a source of disappointment to the many to whom Nature has not been kind.



## A CHAT WITH MR. ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

"To Shakspeare and to Ellen Terry I owe all that I shall ever do." This profession, or confession, whichever you please, frequently made by Mr. Alfred Calmour in allusion to his position as a playwright of poetic drama, gives value to his close study of the great dramatist since his (Mr. Calmour's) childhood, and explains the zest with which he must have recently compiled his very readable volume of "Fact and Fiction about Shakspeare," in which he has winnowed every grain of fact relating to the Bard's whole life from the misleading mass of chaff environing it. Nor can one wonder at his tribute to the influence of the heroine of "The Amber Heart," "who was," he is proud of saying, "my embodiment of Ellen Terry." Some of his observations relating to the production of this poetic play are interesting: "Although Miss Terry was my ideal actress of the part, curiously enough, the play was not read to her first, but to Mary Anderson. She was delighted with it, but Mr. Abbey thought it was running too great a risk to try a new romantic piece by a comparatively unknown writer. Then I took it to Ellen Terry. She had no sooner heard the first act than she said 'I'll do it.' It was first played at a *matinée*, with actors whom it is unlikely we shall ever see in the same cast together again—Ellen Terry, Tree, and Willard. The Press said it was Ellen Terry's most brilliant achievement, while that lady was most profuse in her awards of love for her part. The next morning brought me a letter from Mr. Irving: 'Yesterday was a great success. Ellen Terry had a veritable triumph. Her performance is a lovely, never-to-be-forgotten thing, beautiful in conception and exquisite in execution. I would like to make her a present of the play.' This Mr. Irving did. A day or two after I had sold the play to Mr. Irving, I had a cablegram from Mr. A. M. Palmer, offering to purchase from me the American rights, which I had, therefore, the pleasure of refusing."

"Now, why is it, Mr. Calmour, that poetic drama so seldom pays, while a good farce is frequently a perfect gold-mine?"

"The poetic drama appeals to such a limited audience. It requires very special requirements on the part of the company. Of actors capable of rendering the poetic drama there is not so great a dearth, but of actresses I could count them on the fingers of one hand. Ellen Terry in the poetic drama stands absolutely alone, and, of the younger actresses, I think Miss Evelyn Millard one of the most promising. By-the-by, I rather congratulate myself on my discovery of the latter, when playing down in the country with Miss Sarah Thorne. Probably it is the most useful thing I ever did when I introduced her to the Messrs. Gatti. Speaking of the emolument of the poetic drama—do you know that the royalty of my play 'Cupid's Messenger,' with Kate Horke in the leading part, amounted to five shillings a-night? Since then, I have written and sold to Mr. Alexander 'The Earl of Essex,' receiving a larger sum for it than has probably ever been paid to any other living writer of verse plays; and Mr. Irving has purchased the right of a play turning on Dante and his time. Indeed, I may say I have lived on the poetical drama for the last ten years. However, one does not write this style of dramatic composition for money."

"And, now, what are you doing?"

"Oh, I've just finished a farce for Edward Terry. It's the line of business I first started on; but please don't ask me for the names of the plays I have written. I am glad to say I have persuaded several managers not to produce the plays they have purchased of me," Mr. Calmour added, with dry humour.

"Are you in favour of municipal theatres, whether subsidised by the municipality or by the State?"

"Undoubtedly. Yes, I am quite in accord with Henry Irving that, however aided, they would be of great help to the drama. I know that many managers are against subsidised theatres, but in some cases these very men are subsidised in a way—that is, by 'backers,' otherwise called a syndicate. And the mischief is that a manager is, under these circumstances, often compelled to produce whatever play promises to be a financial success, whether the play turns on a woman with a past or one without one. Now Mr. Irving never pandered, if one may use the expression, to the 'flecting fancies of the hour.' He has, in face of possible failure, given plays representing exalted sentiment, and he must feel, as a practical manager, that these stately productions are too great

a burden for a private individual to bear, and so, no doubt, feels that a subsidised theatre is required to run such plays—plays that should be put on without consideration to pounds, shillings, and pence, although, I maintain, a financial deficit would not be the result. I think a municipally aided theatre would be useful, too, to the public, by being able to produce a constant change of bill and with good companies of stock actors, while its usefulness would also extend itself to the profession generally."

"Do you believe in grand and expensive scenery for the staging of your plays?"

"Unfortunately, the public demands this expenditure, otherwise we should have more plays produced. The dramatist would, consequently, be able to work in more plays, and the actor would get increased practice in his art. My own opinion is that realism belittles both playwright and player. Shakspeare, acted in the open air, with real trees, &c., loses half his significance; and I will go so far as to say that if Mr. Irving produced 'Much Ado About Nothing' with one ordinary tapestried chamber, and with proper costumes, the interest of the drama proper would be intensified. This statement I confine to the imaginative drama. It has been often said that Mr. Irving's productions are successful because they are so beautifully mounted. I will be so bold as to say that they are successes in spite of their being beautifully mounted."

"I hear that we are likely to lose one piece of realism, at any rate. I refer to the abolition of kissing on the lips on the stage."

"When that happens we shall have to exclude love-making from the drama. The long-lost husband and the newly found lover will not be able to figure, for the height of absurdity would be reached when, after twenty years' separation, an affectionate couple kissed each other on the ear or the eyebrow; and I would add that, if any woman is so sensitive as to object to being kissed, I would strongly recommend her to take to some other profession."

"But purity is a great attraction in an actress?"

"Virtue is always a quality of the highest excellence in any woman; but, as has been observed, 'some virtuous women presume too much on the merit of their chastity,' and are consequently hard and cold."

"Then you infer that the virtuous woman is less suited to make the best actress?"

"Frankly, I must confess that, if I were called on to select one of two actresses, both equally beautiful and both equally young, to fill a part, I would select the one who had broken the bonds of conventional restraint and had suffered in consequence. She would be of wider sympathies, more emotional, and would not have to be taught at rehearsal those passions and feelings. And, as a corollary, I may add that married women, as a rule, make better actresses than spinsters, and for this reason, that a woman has not

attained to full womanhood till she is married, when her sympathies have had opportunity of enlargement, and therefore she becomes more plastic material in the dramatist's hands. Of course, the public does not care a jot whether the actress is married or single."

"I suppose, after your remarks, that you do not think that an unmarried woman could have acted the part of the Second Mrs. Tanqueray so well as Mrs. Patrick Campbell?"

"No, I could not conceive it possible."

"Now I should like to have your opinion on the question whether the public has an equal right to hiss as to applaud on the night of a first production?"

"I believe in the general principle that the *paying* public has the right, though it were kinder to abstain, considering the expenses a manager has incurred, and, naturally, the genuineness of his desire to please. You must remember, however, that on the first night it is only the pit, gallery, and upper boxes who pay in the usual acceptation. The stalls and dress-circle are filled, for the most part, with friends of the management and with paying guests specially invited. And, since the preponderating display of approval or the reverse is duly recorded, it behoves the manager to gather round him the most enthusiastic audience possible."

"Then, may I infer that you would not have the critics record evidences of approval or the reverse on the part of the audience?"

"I would rather not reply to that question, if you will not mind."

Soon afterwards I left "Alfred Calmour, Poet," as he is frequently and genially spoken of, to his musings.



MR. A. C. CALMOUR.

From a portrait by the late W. G. Wills.



## PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is probably the most popular Peeress living. She is popular—just as she is a Peeress—"in her own right." Noble generosity, directed with wisdom, has distinguished the Baroness



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

during her long life, and many institutions, funds, and schemes owe to her purse more than the public ever hears. Lady Macdonald of Earnsliffe is the widow of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, who was Prime Minister of Canada. She was created a Baroness in her own right in August, 1891, as a mark of the Queen's regard for the services of her husband. Lady Macdonald has a beautiful residence, Earnsliffe, at Ottawa.

The Earldom of Cromartie has been revived by the Queen in favour of Lady Sibell Lilian Mackenzie, the elder daughter of the late Earl of Cromartie, who was the brother of the present Duke of Sutherland.



Photo by T. Scott, San Remo.

LADY MACDONALD OF EARNSLIFFE.

The title was conferred on the Duke's mother, with limitation to her son, his surviving son, and his male heirs. The Earl, however, died without male issue in 1893. The title now conferred upon his daughter, who was born in 1878, makes her the youngest Peeress in her own right in the kingdom. The other eight Peeresses in their own right are Baronesses Burdett-Coutts, Macdonald of Earnsliffe, Berkley, Berners, Conyers, Kinloss, Nairne, and Viscountess Hambleden.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The various Republican nuisances that call themselves South American States have lately been showing great energy. Brazil, to be sure, is, for the moment, without a civil war; but Peru and Colombia are keeping up the credit of their continent for intestinal strife, and the unbiassed observer reads from time to time of the insurgents and the Government troops slaying a few hundreds of each other, and mildly wishes that the opposing parties would exterminate each other, and leave the country for decent people. And now Venezuela, hitherto a comparatively inconspicuous State, is asserting herself with great vigour. Not only have her gallant soldiers arrested certain Englishmen and negroes of British Guiana on their disputed boundary, but Venezuela has actually broken off diplomatic relations with most European countries, because European envoys did not admire Venezuela as much as Venezuela thinks they should.

Now it is really time that these South American Anarchies were given a warning to behave themselves; and Venezuela would make an excellent example. Nobody, I imagine, would go to war for her sake; if the United States objected to "British aggression," we could give our excellent American cousins the Bahamas, where they might cultivate sisal at a profit, and set up a monument on each of the many islands where Columbus first landed. In fact, we might throw in Jamaica, for all the good it is to us, or to anybody, in its present condition. Having thus disarmed opposition, a competent commander, with a sufficient force, should be entrusted with the task of painting-in the British boundary-line with a large brush and plenty of colour. In which operation, it is possible that the artist's hand might slip, and the red hue of British Dominion splash right over Venezuela, so that the next edition of the Atlas would know that name no more.

I question whether anyone in particular would weep for the disappearance of Venezuela. The estimable persons who collect stamps might be appeased by the issue of a magenta twopence-halfpenny with defective perforation and the Queen's head inadvertently printed sideways. Is not the blue Mauritius the most precious gem of philately? Go to! A British colony can beget stamps as rare and ugly as those of the most insolvent of South American republics! After Venezuela, another slip of the brush on the boundary might take in the Disunited States of Colombia, and we might finish the Panama Canal. New Granada and Ecuador could follow as the others were digested.

Again, we might begin at the other end, and send a compact expedition to bring home the reluctant Jabez, and, as a slight compensation for his loss, the expedition might stay. There is, or has been, so much British money in the Argentine that we ought to have some people there to look after our interests—or our interest, at any rate. If moralists object that this would be wanton and unprovoked aggression, I would beg respectfully to point out that a nation, or collection of creatures calling itself such, has no more right to independence and freedom when it acts after the manner of a swindler than has the swindler himself. The financial methods of most of the South American States have been mere varieties of Jabezlement. Republics have borrowed money recklessly, wasted it profligately, repudiated their debts dishonourably. Occupation is the only international substitute for putting the brokers in.

No doubt the French journalists—*alias* "the opinion of the civilised world"—would cry out at this new crime of perfidious Albion. But they might safely be left to cry out, and it is highly probable that the most indignant of them would be those who had the dimmest of ideas as to where Venezuela really is, or (in that case) was. There are not many Frenchmen like the egregious Deloncle, who modestly demands that England shall be cut short and kept back on the Mozambique coast, because her development there *might* possibly menace Madagascar, which France has not yet annexed, but intends to annex. In other words, while Piou-Piou is slaying the Hova, Tommy Atkins must not be allowed to look across the straits.

And those among us who somewhat take after the delirious Deloncle should learn to look on calmly while France herself makes believe to colonise. So long as her people declines to increase and multiply, the colonisation can never be real. Some day there will come a war, or a fit of depression in French colonial policy, and history will repeat itself. The French colonies of the past are the English colonies of the present.

MARMITON.



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*Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.*

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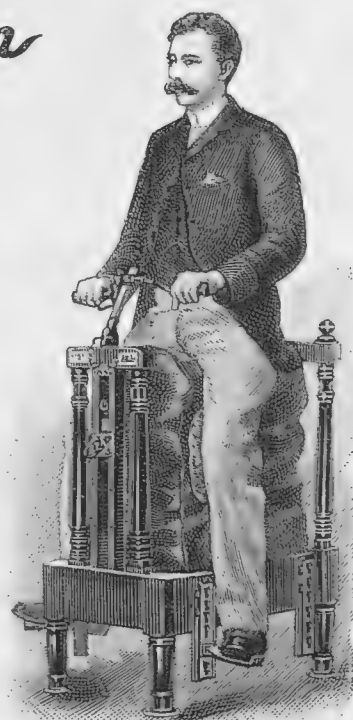
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Fine Gold Curb Chain Bracelet, £3.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The Sergeants' Association Football team of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade have beaten the Sergeants of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry by 10 goals to 1. The Cricket and Football teams of the Sergeants' Athletic Club, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, have been singularly successful in their contests, having won all their cricket matches last year, and in football during the present year the subjoined record speaks for itself—

Sergeants 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade v. 2nd Battalion Coldstreams, 2 goals to 1 and 7 goals to 2; Ditto v. Oxford Light Infantry Sergeants, 6 goals to 1 and 10 goals to 1; Ditto v. North Staffordshire Regiment, 16 goals to 0; Ditto v. Sherwood Foresters, 4 goals to 1; Ditto v. Officers 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 8 goals to 1.

What with international matches and final ties, the beginning of the end of the football season has already come. What a greedy race footballers are! They begin their favourite pastime on the first day of September, and they will not leave it off till the last day of April. For my part, I think

business savours somewhat of a circus or hippodrome, but no doubt the Association will get all that it wants, and that is an enormous gate. Excursions will, of course, be run from the provinces, so that our country cousins will doubtless come up early in the morning and spend half their day seeing the Palace itself. A great many excursion trains will be run direct to the Palace, so that the railway companies carrying City people will not have such a great difficulty in discharging their enormous cargo during the afternoon. It is estimated that there is seeing accommodation for 60,000 people, and I shall not be surprised to find an attendance close upon these figures.

So far as the Association game is concerned, England is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over the other three nations. Ireland and Wales never presented any serious difficulties, and this season, indeed, these nations appear weaker than ever; but we have always found Scotland a big handful, and, indeed, we are still on the losing side to the Thistle, although we are rapidly rubbing off arrears. It is true we were only able to make a draw with Scotland last year, but everything points to the

Sergt. Archer  
(linesman).

Col.-Sergt. Fraley  
(half-back).

Sergt. Goode  
(half-back).

Sergt. Davis  
(goal-keeper).

Col.-Sergt. Eastwood  
(half-back).

Sergt. Townshend  
(back).

Col.-Sergt. Nicholas  
(trainer).



Sergt. Barker  
(half-back).

Sergt. Brooks  
(forward).

Sergt. Whitehead  
(forward).

Col.-Sergt. Hodder (Capt.)  
(forward).

Sergt. Dalton  
(forward).

Arm.-Sergt. Allport  
(forward).

SECOND BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE SERGEANTS' FOOTBALL TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

eight months at the kicking-game absorbs an undue proportion of the year. Six months for football and six months for cricket would be ideal; but, then, our curious climate hardly allows of this division. We might, however, with ease have five months of cricket, with an interval of a fortnight at the end of each season.

In order to drag out the football season to its last limits, the authorities have decreed that the final tie of the Association Cup will not be played until April 20, the last Saturday but one of the season. By this time interest in football is usually on the wane, if, indeed, it be not at a strong ebb. What is worse than all is the fact that our leading clubs, after the punishing League-struggle, are usually as stale as ditch-water, and almost as weak. Perhaps this is the reason why the best club of the season rarely, if ever, wins the Association Cup. The club which has been doing all the hard fighting of the year has certainly lost its pristine vigour, its enthusiasm, and its dash (without which success is impossible) some considerable time before the end of April; while some rank outsider, say, like Notts County last year, comes up with a rush and upsets clubs which, during the height of the season, would be considered infinitely strong.

More by luck than good guiding, however, it has so happened that the clubs to participate in the final for the Cup are both of good class. Every year football appears to be growing more and more of a spectacle for the spectator, and less and less of a sport for the player. Even the Football Association appears to have taken this view when it ordered the Cup-tie to be played at the Crystal Palace. To me the whole

Rose gaining a fairly easy victory over the Thistle when the match is played at Everton on April 6. In order, however, to make doubly sure, there will be a trial match between the English professionals who beat Ireland and the English amateurs who beat Wales. After this match, and presumably from these twenty-two players, the team to meet Scotland will be selected. It will, of course, be a mixed team, partly amateur and partly professional, although I am by no means convinced that a stronger side could not be chosen, either from the amateurs or the paid players. The fact is, that a mixed team means different styles of play; and different styles of play mean, if not weakness, at least, loss of strength. I would suggest that the winning side in the trial match should be selected to meet Scotland, and I have not the slightest doubt that it would prove equal to the occasion. Association football in Scotland was never at a lower ebb than at present. We see evidences of it on all hands. Scottish League clubs fall an easy prey to their English brethren, while Queen's Park, who usually supply a large number of International players, were easily beaten by the Corinthians at the Oval, the other day, by four goals to love. Scotland could select an eleven that would hold its own against anything in the world if they would only consent to draw upon Scotch professionals playing for English clubs; but Scottish patriotism is a queer thing. It draws the line at the Border—say, Berwick—and the best Scotch player who dare put his foot on the wrong side of the Tweed may never again come into the Scottish fold. In a word, Scotland prefers to lose with its stay-at-homes than win with the men who have made English football what it is.

In Rugby affairs Scotland stands where she did—only more so. The clansmen are throwing up their bonnets, and with good cause, for have they not beaten Wales, Ireland, and England's champion team? It was a great disappointment to the Sassenach, for was not the English Fifteen, with two exceptions, composed entirely of Southerners? And they were a fine lot, too. Until I saw the Scottish team, I should have said the Englishmen were one of the finest, if not actually the best team that ever represented the Rose. And, indeed, they may be so still, only there can be no mistaking the fact that Scotland were superior, and that, too, among the forwards, who were supposed to be England's strongest point. It was not a brilliant game at Richmond, but it was one of the hardest-fought international matches on record, and although Scotland only got home by a penalty goal and a try to a penalty goal, they had really all the best of the play. England was heavier, but Scotland was cleverer, and therein lay the difference. English forwards will require to learn to use their feet better, both in the pack and in the loose, if ever they are going to beat Scotland again. Scotland have beaten England three times in succession, and it looks as if they may win three times more. Most of the Scots are young players, who will improve rather than deteriorate for the next year or two. The feature of the Scottish play, apart from the forwards' foot-work, was the magnificent tackling and kicking of Donaldson and Simpson at half-back.

On the English side, no man particularly distinguished himself, although the defence all round was really excellent. Although Scotland pressed for quite three-quarters of the game, they were only able to cross the English line once; and that was due to a mistake by Byrne, who had his kick charged down. The Moseley player, although he did some smart saving at times, was rather off his game. At three-quarter-back none played better than Baker, of Oxford; and he was ably assisted by W. B. Thomson, who probably played his last International, as he leaves for a situation in South Africa in the course of a week or two. Among the forwards, none showed to greater advantage, especially at the line-out and in the open, than C. Thomas, while Bromet, Tucker, and Carey worked hard and well in the scrummage.

#### CRICKET.

Just as the weather is making us think of cricket, it seems rather hard that so many notable figures in the cricket world should have been bowled out by Death. Only one of these, however, belongs to the younger generation of cricketers. I refer to E. M. Hadow, the young Harrovian, who also played for Middlesex. By medical advice, he had been staying in the South of France, but even that did not save him, and he was buried, the other day, in the English cemetery at Cannes. Captain Oates, who had been so long and so honourably connected with the Notts Cricket Club, has also passed away. Another of the old school has departed, and Lord's ground will miss the figure of the Earl of Bessborough, who was one of the founders of the Old Stagers at Canterbury, and who at one time regularly took part in the performances during the Canterbury Cricket Week. Perhaps the most notable figure of all is the Rev. James Pyroft, who died at Brighton recently at the ripe age of eighty-two. In his day the reverend gentleman was a member of the Oxford eleven, and was practically the originator of the matches between the two Universities. For thirty years he was on the Executive Committee of the Sussex County Club, and was the author of that most delightful book "The Cricket Field."

I have received a copy of Messrs. George Bussey and Co.'s "Cricket Compendium for 1895." This is a little work almost worth its weight in gold. It has been my companion for years, and I would not care to be without it. It acts the part of an infallible memory. Not a fact of importance of the previous year's cricket but you can refer to and learn at a glance. Among other things, it contains the laws of the game, the principal fixtures for the coming season, a summary of all last year's cricket matches and century scores, and the results of all England and Australia matches ever played. The booklet is beautifully bound, and is small enough for the waistcoat-pocket. If I call it a pocket Wisden, I have said enough to recommend it to all cricketers. OLYMPIAN.

#### RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I heard a very funny story in connection with a racecourse company the other day. It seems one of the directors was anxious to get a friend into a vacant berth connected with the company, and he canvassed among the shareholders, with the result that he thought success certain. On the day of the election, however, the director proposed the appointment of his friend, but a seconder could not be found, and an outsider got the situation!

Easter Monday this year falls on April 15, and it may interest racing men to hear that, during the holiday week, forty-five "days" racing in all, under both sets of rules, have to be decided. This, I take it, verges on the farcical, as many of the meetings will result in loss to their promoters. Some little discretion is expected to be used by the ruling powers over these matters; but the overloaded fixture list gives one the idea that clerks of courses have been allowed to "go as they please"—this time, at any rate.

Racegoers are looking forward with pleasure to the opening of the flat-season, as the sport under National Hunt Rules this season has been of the worst. The big stakes have, in many instances, failed to draw sufficient runners to make the betting good, while with the £50

overnight races the form has often been so contradictory as to frighten backers away. It is passing strange how people can be induced to purchase £50-horses, and then pay £2 2s. per week for having them trained.

Mr. Joe Davis, who is now the general manager of that most successful racing enclosure, Hurst Park, has been a popular racing man for many years. It was he who patched old Fulmen up and won the Lincoln Handicap with him when the bookmakers thought the horse had not a forty to one chance. Mr. Davis, too, helped to get together a rare stud of horses for Sir James Miller, and it was at his instigation that Sainfoin was bought, and won for Sir James the blue riband at the first time of asking. Probably the biggest achievement of Mr. Davis's life was when he took over the reins of office at Hurst Park, and turned what on paper looked like a doubtful speculation into a pronounced success. Liberality of management had a deal to do with the change, and it is not too much to say that the racecourse at Molesey is now one of the best-managed in the country. The Prince of Wales paid the place a high compliment on the occasion of his visit, and I, for one, shall be very glad to hear that the shareholders, who have played the game pluckily, are to receive a good dividend on their investments.



Photo by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

MR. JOE DAVIS.

The foreigners are evidently bent on appropriating some of the big stakes offered for races in this country. Mr. B. Barnato will, I believe, add to his stud presently. The Americans are sending us some more thoroughbreds; and now we have a wealthy Australian, Mr. Lloyd, who wants to buy a really good horse and to win the Derby, regardless of the cost. Many members of our old nobility have, owing to the agricultural depression, to practise economy. Now is their time to sell off their race-horses at good prices.

As I have before stated, the desire among sporting men for gossip about people, not horses, is very great, and I hear of a scheme that is about to be launched whereby a running commentary on the doings in the Paddock, Tattersall's Ring, and the Club Enclosure will appear in many evening papers. Of course, to be done well, it will require several reporters who know the people they are talking about, and men must be employed who can get the latest chatter about the future, as "writing of the past" is played out, so far as racing is concerned.

One of the most welcome recruits to the Turf is the Duke of Marlborough, whose uncle, Lord Randolph Churchill, was well known and highly respected as an owner. The late Duke of Marlborough did not own thoroughbreds, but it will be remembered he went in strong for trotting-horses, although he would not allow them to compete in races. The present Duke is very fond of hunting, and he rides to hounds as straight as the crow flies. He has hunted the drag at his college, and it would not surprise me to see him donning silk in the near future, as he has a perfect seat in the saddle, with strong hands and a keen eye. He has some promising two-year-olds in training, under the management of R. Sherwood, at Newmarket, and it can be safely predicted that the dual colours will be seen to the fore at Ascot and elsewhere this year.

I think fifty horses are quite enough for any one trainer to have under his charge. T. Cannon junior, at Stockbridge, has no fewer than eighty-two horses in his stables; Joe Cannon has the charge of seventy-five; W. E. Elsey has sixty-two, and those, by-the-bye, belong to twenty-three different owners, and Elsey can therefore claim to have more masters than any other trainer. Jewitt trains sixty-one horses. Marsh is responsible for eighty; of these, no fewer than fifty-six are two-year-olds.

It is still difficult to talk with any certainty about the result of the Lincoln Handicap. I am glad to hear the field is likely to be a representative one, and many of the heavy-weight jockeys will have mounts in the race. Lottie's Dude is doing a capital preparation, and William P'Anson thinks the colt will improve on the second of Bread Knife, who was beaten a head by Fulmen. My own opinion is that the first favourite at the fall of the flag will win, but it is difficult to say which horse will start favourite.



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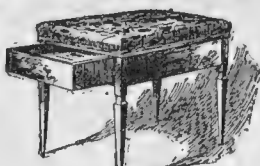
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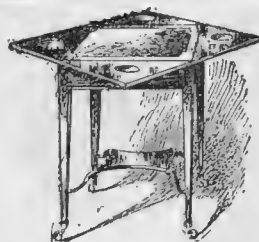
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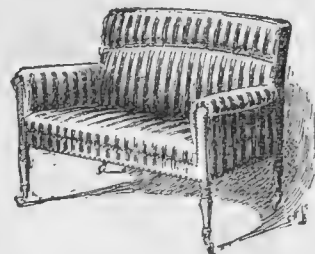
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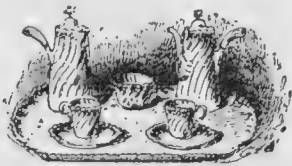
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Settee in Striped Velvet,  
Length, 4ft. 2 in.; Height, 3ft. 4 in.  
£5 10s.



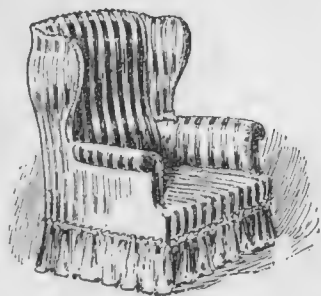
Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white  
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Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak.  
4 ft. 7 in. high; 2 ft. 7 in. wide.  
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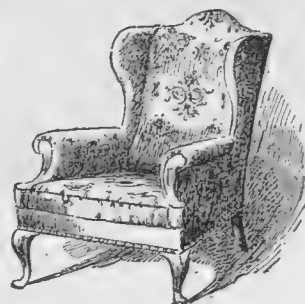


The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high,  
27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED  
ALL HAIR, 55s.

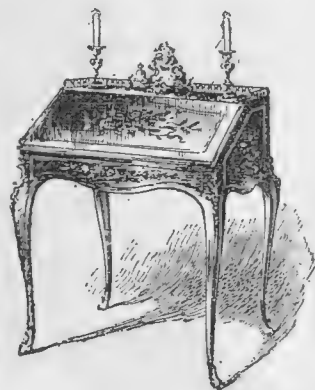
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## Look Around and Learn.

"Consider the lilies," says a great teacher, "how they grow." Yes, and to one who sees with his eyes and thinks with his brains, instruction lifts up its voice everywhere. Did you ever notice how fountains in play throw their jets higher, and more full, on some days than on others? The longest trip the present writer ever made across the Atlantic was on a fast ship in summer. No fog, no bad weather, no accident, not a moment's stoppage night or day, and yet we were twenty hours behind time at Queenstown. Why? I'll tell you presently.

There's an immense number of us who fail to make the average time of the race, who can't, somehow, keep up with the procession. Here is one of them, and in few words she tells what detained her. Her story is not new—alas! no. Better for us all if it were new. But it's true, and a man doesn't need to be as smart as Sherlock Holmes to draw the right deduction from it.

"In January 1891," says the lady, "I fell away from my usual good state of health. Without knowing what the cause could be, I found myself feeling heavy, tired, dull, and sleepy. My natural energy seemed to be clean gone from me. Ordinarily I had relished my

meals like any healthy person, but now I merely ate a little from habit, and it did me no good. Indeed, it appeared to do me harm, for after it I had a dreadful pain at my chest and sides, as keen as if a knife were cutting me. And at the stomach, instead of a sense of warmth and strength, there was a gnawing, aching feeling, with occasionally a pain so acute as to make me bend double over it. At night I got little sleep, sometimes none at all. I used to sit up in bed rubbing my chest, in a distress that was a torture. Cold, clammy sweats now and then broke out over my whole body, and my chest felt as though I had stood under a shower-bath.

"Through lack of sustenance from food my strength ebbed away until I got so weak I could hardly walk. It was impossible for me to stoop or lift anything. By this time the pain in my stomach had become so sharp and constant that I fancied that either a cancer or a tumour must be growing there. How affrighting this thought was anyone can imagine.

"The doctor said he could not make out what was the matter with me. As I grew worse I consulted successively two other doctors, but derived no benefit from their treatment. Year after year I continued to suffer more or less, sometimes having attacks so bad that my husband thought I would not live through the night.

"I need add only a few words as to my recovery. In June of last year (1894) my son, who had been cured recently of a stomach ailment by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, said he was confident it would help me if I would give it a fair trial. On this we procured a bottle from Mr. Lund, the chemist, in Rosemary Road. After taking the Syrup a few days I felt better, and on the completion of the third bottle I was cured, and have enjoyed good health ever since. It is my opinion that I owe my life to this remedy, and in acknowledgment of my debt I give you free permission to publish this brief account of my case. (Signed) Jane Cleave, 95, Rosemary Road, Peckham, London, January 15, 1895."

Now let us twist the threads together. The steam-ship ran slowly across the sea because of a strike among the stokers—the raw men couldn't make steam. Our good friend Mrs. Cleave underwent years of weakness and pain for a similar reason. She could not use her food, she was prostrated by indigestion or chronic dyspepsia, with a sore, inflamed, and torpid stomach. No wonder she lost all her energy. As the energy (or power) of an engine comes from the fires, so that of the body comes from the digestion. This, then, is our lesson for the day—and an important one, too. And it is these terrible stomach troubles that Mother Seigel's Syrup cures.

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**NERVOUSNESS** **NAUSEA**

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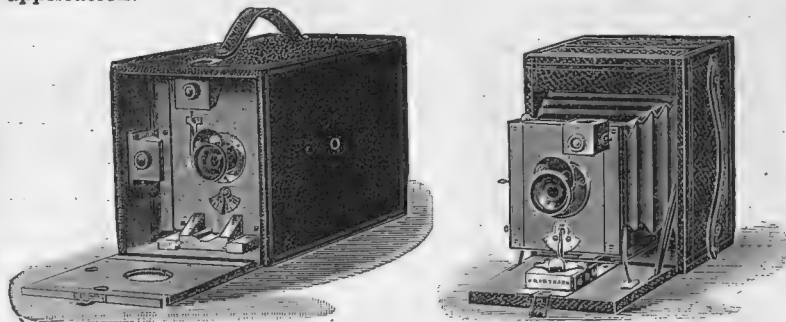
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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NICE.

*Photographs by Mr. R. Percy Preston.*



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VIEW FROM THE BACK OF THE HOTEL, LOOKING NORTH.



STABLES AT THE GRAND HOTEL, CIMIEZ.



VILLA ADJOINING HOTEL GARDENS, TO BE USED BY THE QUEEN.

## YACHTING AT CANNES.

*Photographs by R. Percy Preston.*

Cannes, with its broad, level sea-front, blue sky, and tideless Mediterranean, is peculiarly suited for a regatta, and the French promoters of yacht-racing on the Riviera have been, this year, much gratified by the support



Corsair. Britannia. Ailsa.  
THE START.

they have received from British yachtsmen, the more so that, apart from the racers, quite a number of English crafts gathered in the pretty little port, notably, White Ladye, once the property of Mrs. Langtry, and now belonging to Mr. O. Gotelet, Lord Wolverton's Fedora, Mr. T. M. Lord's Bluebell, Mr. F. Popham's Blandusia, and Mrs. S. C. Watson's yawl, Lethe. The race between the Prince of Wales's Britannia and Mr. A. B. Walker's Ailsa aroused, as may easily be imagined, immense enthusiasm, especially as the latter yacht was built, within a very limited space of time, with a special view to racing his Royal Highness's cutter. The result was received with mingled feelings, for the Prince of Wales is, in France, one of the most popular living personalities of the day, and it was the first time that the Britannia had encountered a serious rival in Mediterranean waters; but the "chivalrous attitude" adopted by his Royal Highness, who was the first to salute the victorious Ailsa, greatly delighted the smart crowd who had followed every incident of the contest with eager interest. The Ailsa may be said to have gained a highly



WATCHING THE START OPPOSITE THE CERCLE NAUTIQUE, CANNES.

meritorious victory, for Mr. Walker's yacht was under the disadvantage of having her sails and racing-gear unstretched; but, once the cutter is in thorough condition, she ought easily to take her place as champion yacht-racer of the world. The race for the Ogden-Goelett and Gordon-Bennett Cup was sailed on Thursday, and resulted in an exciting contest between the Ailsa and the Britannia. The Ailsa went ahead at the start, and, though closely pressed by her formidable competitor, maintained her lead for the first round, and crossed the line a few seconds before the Britannia. In the second round the Fife cutter continued to increase the distance, and in the last round she still further improved her position, and reached home ten minutes in advance of the Britannia, thus winning the race, after a splendid display of her sailing qualities in a light breeze. The official times for the whole course of thirty miles are—Ailsa, 3 hours 47 min. 54 sec.; Britannia, 4 hours 1 min. 7 sec. The Ailsa allowed her opponent 1 min. 13 sec., and thus won the race by 12 min. The Prince of Wales sailed on board his yacht.

## TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ.

*Photographs by Messrs. White and Eisner, St. Moritz.*

The great sporting fixture of the winter in Switzerland is the Grand National Toboggan Race at St. Moritz. This has been run regularly each year since 1885, and generally takes place at the end of February or the beginning of March. It is held on the Cresta Run, which is perfectly unique, and is a very good example of engineering skill. The run is exactly three-quarters of a mile long, and has a total drop, from beginning to end, of five hundred feet. Instead of being built perfectly straight up and down hill, as the Canadian "slides" are, the run has innumerable corners, which require high banks to be built up, to enable the tobogganer to get round them instead of flying off at a tangent. Then the incline is not regular; some parts of the run are almost level—in one place there is an actual rise—while yet, at other spots, the declivity is so sudden and steep that the toboggan will leap for many feet through the air. The race was held on Saturday, 9th inst., and resulted in a victory for Mr. H. A. Topham, who has also been victorious in the



THE HON. F. CURZON RIDING BATTLEDORE CORNER.

same event on two previous occasions. He covered the course three times in an aggregate total of 3 min. 37 2-5 sec., or 37 miles an hour. Mr. R. W. Bird and the Hon. H. Gibson, however, both succeeded in doing a single course very much quicker than Mr. Topham, for they lowered the record to 1 min. 11 4-5 sec. for a single run. The quickest part of the run is in the long straight, where, after very accurate timing, it is calculated that a speed of 57 miles an hour has been attained by Dr. Patterson and Mr. R. Pulitzer—both Americans, by the way. Several representatives of Davos went over to St. Moritz and took part in the race, but none of them succeeded in doing anything remarkable. The racers included a Spaniard, a Swiss, a Dutchman, two Americans, and representatives of each part of the United Kingdom. In order to make the run as fast and good as possible, it had been completely re-iced from top to bottom the night before, while huge canvas screens were erected at those points most exposed to the direct rays of the sun, to prevent the surface from melting and getting soft or slow.



Mr. Topham.

RUNNERS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL RACE.



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TOUCHES  
THE  
SPOT.



**Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Toothache, Faceache, Chilblains, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred Ills and Complaints.**

Only quite recently has this marvellous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvellous cures that have been effected, and the shoals of important testimonials that have been received, have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world. Homoecea forms a medicine chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

"Homoecea" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-Station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing Remedies has had such high testimony.

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Sometimes FATAL

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A LADY WRITES: "I have to thank you for the service of your valuable HOMOCEA, for I can testify with truth it saved the life of my dear baby. It had bronchitis and whooping cough, severely after measles. . . . I sent for some, and rubbed it thoroughly on baby's chest, back, and soles of its feet, and in ten minutes the dear little lamb could take nourishment, and is now doing well."

# HOMOCEA

in

# Influenza.

In our judgment Homoecea should prove almost a specific for ordinary cases of Influenza. At first put a little up the nostrils, well back, and then one hour afterwards take a lump about the size of a hazel-nut internally. This is easily done by throwing it back in the throat and swallowing some water. Homoecea contains nothing injurious—no Laudanum, Menthol, Mineral, or any narcotic.

As a preventative of Influenza, some should be put up the nostrils two or three times a day. If the nose, eyes, or throat are affected, a half teaspoonful might be put in a cup of boiling water, and the fumes inhaled through the mouth and nostrils, a flannel cloth being thrown over the head. **We are convinced that this treatment will prove beneficial.**

What Homoecea is millions of Englishmen now know. Never in the annals of medicine has a preparation been offered to the public with anything like its virtues. Certainly it has not been effectually tried in Influenza; but the way it works on a chill, when taken internally, causes us to believe that the result will be equally helpful in the epidemic that is now prevailing. Note.—Wherever there is any Rheumatic Affection, rub the part thoroughly with **EXAINO**—the strong preparation of Homoecea.

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*An Emollient Soap, superior to any in the market as a cleansing, sanitary soap. Delicately Scented. Invaluable in the Nursery.*

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WHITE ROSE.****"The Sweetest of Sweet Odours."**Delightfully and delicately fragrant.  
**Beware of Imitations.****ATKINSON'S** is the only **Genuine.**

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One Liquid. Clean and Perfectly Harmless to the most Delicate Hair.

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**BLONDE, BROWN, BLACK.**

Bottles, 2/6, 5/6, 10/6.

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TOWELETTES.**

In 6d. Packets, 1/2 doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz.

Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.  
Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers, also from the Army and Navy and Civil Service Stores, and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/3, 1/7, and 2/3. Post Free. Samples Post Free on application. Mention "Sketch." Address: "The Manageress," THE SATURDAY WOOD WOOL CO., LTD., 25, Thavies Inn, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.**INSIST ON HAVING "HARTMANN'S."****MELLIN'S FOOD****FOR  
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Translation: "Sir,—Will you please  
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Imperial Highness the Grand  
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Dress Grips, as per your adver-  
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(Signed) BARON DE STAEHL,  
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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## "THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH'S" GOWNS.

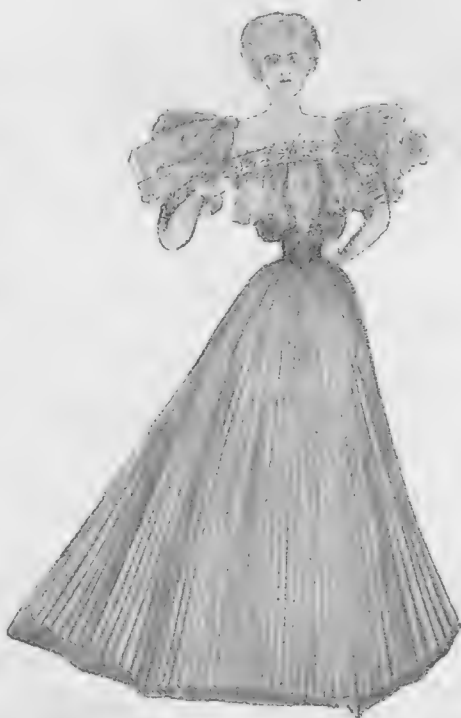
They do not take much description, these gowns, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell enacts the part of the heroine of the new Garrick piece, for three of them are the simplest of the simple—the first a trailing robe of some soft, dark-brown woollen fabric, held in at the waist by a black ribbon band, while the turned-down collar is fastened by a ribbon bow; and the next of equally severe simplicity, but this time in a pale shade of grey, the skirt plain and clinging—as different as it well can be from the outstanding fulness in which we are rejoicing nowadays, though, indeed, when the bills claim our attention, our rejoicing is likely to be turned into mourning. However, at the end of Act. II. a wonderful transformation takes place, and, instead of the grey nun, we have a beautiful woman, clad in a wondrously beautiful gown of shimmering black-moiré gauze, the bodice and the trained skirt made all in one, and almost entirely covered with festoons of flowers and leaves in embossed gold, the effect being simply wonderful. The bodice, which is cut very low, is adorned with festooned strings of gold cabochons, and narrow straps of this extraordinary black-and-gold brocade cross the shoulders, and catch in just below the elbow the strings of golden beads which are the substitutes for the more ordinary sleeve. Surely it is not necessary for me to tell you

and big black birds. She next appears in a simply delightful dress of white glacé, with a check design in black, the skirt full and plain, and the bodice, which is made with a slightly pouch-like effect in front, having a most gracefully arranged fichu of white chiffon, edged with broad Valenciennes lace of a faint yellowish tone. This fichu crosses the shoulders, and is caught in at the waist by a band of white satin ribbon, the lace-frilled ends falling beneath it at each side in cascade form. The collar, of white satin, is tied in a bow at the back—you can always tell bows which are tied at the Maison Jay, for they are unique—and the great sleeves terminate in bewitching little cuffs, put on full, and falling in points over the hand. In the second act, Miss Jeffreys wears, with this gown, an equally smart cape of black satin cloth, lined with white satin, and bordered with a double piping of the satin. It has, at the back, a deep square collar and rounded revers of white satin, covered with black lace; and it does not meet in front, but terminates at the sides, an arrangement which is likely to be much in vogue, in order that we may be enabled to display the more or less elaborate pouch or box-pleated fronts of our bodices to the best advantage. To complete Miss Jeffreys' costume, there is a dainty little white-straw bonnet, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, great jet cabochons, and plissé chiffon.

Miss Calhoun appears only in the last act, when she wears an evening-gown of dull-black silk veiled with black accordion-pleated net, so



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.



MISS CALHOUN.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.

that Mrs. Patrick Campbell looks supremely lovely in this gorgeous attire? And yet when, in the last act, this brief-lived splendour is exchanged for a black gown, its sombreness entirely unrelieved by any touch of colour, she comes out of the ordeal triumphantly, even when her pale loveliness is still further tried by the most unfashionable of brown cloaks and bonnets.

However, there are some smart costumes to gladden feminine eyes, for Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Miss Eleanor Calhoun are gowned by Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street; so you may be sure that their dresses are worthy of note. Miss Jeffreys has, first, a coat and skirt of black alpaca—a material which should meet with a great deal of attention this season and be very largely worn, for it is eminently smart, and, withal, delightfully cool and exceptionally durable, a combination of qualities strong enough, surely, to carry anything to the desired haven of popularity. The coat is one of the smartest specimens of the new short full-basqued garments, which have a most becoming effect upon the figures of tall and short folks alike, contrary to the old, long-skirted coats, which, except for the "divinely tall" minority, were not to be desired for many reasons; though we all dressed ourselves up in them, with unquestioning obedience to our liege lady's commands. However, our reward has now come, and we have had nothing so pretty and *chic* for many a long day as the new coats. Miss Jeffreys' coat opens in front over a full vest of white accordion-pleated chiffon, with collar and bow of white satin ribbon, and has a deep turned-down collar and revers of white satin covered with black net, with a tiny appliqué design of creamy lace, and bordered with an accordion-pleated frill of the same dainty fabric, the revers tapering to a point towards the waist, till only a suggestion of the pleated frill appears at the bottom of the coat. The costume is completed by a large black hat, bedecked with lace bows

arranged that the multitudinous pleats are narrow at the top; and then widen and open out as they reach the foot, the effect being exceedingly good. The bodice is cut quite square, a broad band of jet passementerie passing straight across the front and losing itself in the filmy folds of the frilled sleeves, while the overhanging fulness of the net bodice is caught into a jet corselet, which is fastened across with jet strings and buttons. One catches only a momentary glimpse of this dress, for it is covered by a superb cloak of black glacé patterned with chiné sprays of flowers in which pink, yellow, blue, and mauve all appear, though the shades are so faint and delicate that they are hardly distinguishable. The back is arranged in a Watteau pleat, but is held in to the figure at each side of the waist by three diamond buttons, while a lining of rose-pink glacé and a great collar of chinchilla complete the effect. And it is in this superb garment that Mrs. Lucas Cleeve confronts the black-robed Mrs. Ebbsmith. Could anyone imagine a more striking contrast?

But the stage had not the monopoly of the smart costumes on the first night, for I noticed some lovely cloaks and gowns among the audience. Quite the most effective cape was of grass-green mirror velvet, glittering with jet sequins, and edged and trimmed with chinchilla, which fur had a neck-and-neck race for precedence with white Thibet goat, which was also much in evidence. One long cloak of black and old-rose chiné glacé was lined with sable and trimmed with ruchings and frills of old-rose silk; but the most strikingly handsome cloak was, without doubt, worn by Mrs. George Alexander. It was black, lined with ermine, and adorned with some wonderful embroidery; and I shall not be content till I have had a much closer inspection than was possible at the time, and duly initiated you into its mysteries. One striking dress of black satin, the bodice almost covered with a glittering fringe of jet, had net sleeves held in by strings of pink hyacinths; but I

think the palm for effectiveness belonged to a gown of yellow satin, with touches of violet velvet cleverly introduced, and masses of violets and daffodils for trimming.

But I have lingered too long at the Garrick already, for I must give a word of praise to the pretty dresses which Miss May Whitty and Miss Nancy Noel are wearing at the Strand Theatre. The first-mentioned dainty little lady has one dress with a skirt of the palest-tan silk, patterned with a self-coloured pin-spot and a line stripe in old-rose. The bodice is an elaborate affair, with a V-shaped vest at the back, and in the front of green satin, brocaded with dice-like squares in gold, the sides being covered with some lovely old lace; while braces of green satin ribbon pass over the shoulders, fasten at the waist with rosettes, and fall in long ends to the bottom of the skirt. The collar, of green satin, is finished with the inevitable but always becoming bow; and the puffed sleeves, of old-rose chiffon, have deep, transparent cuffs of lace. A green-straw hat, with butterfly-bows of white lace nestling amid masses of pink roses, and a sunshade of green chiffon, complete this costume, which is subsequently exchanged for a grey *crépon* gown, the bodice having full sleeves of white satin brocaded with true-lovers' knots, and a round yoke of the same fabric run through with black-velvet baby-ribbon. The accompanying hat, of grey chip, is trimmed with grey ostrich-plumes, and turned up at the back to show a mass of Parma violets resting on the hair. Miss Nancy Noel's first dress, of white *crépon*, is charming, with its deep shoulder-capes of lace and its waistband and collar of yellow chiffon adorned with rosettes, especially when a white-straw hat, trimmed with yellow-and-white satin and a bunch of daffodils, matching the one which is tucked into the waistband, is also added. Miss Noel has, next, a simple but smart dress of white-and-pink checked silk, relieved at waist, neck, and elbows by touches of black satin ribbon, and further adorned with a deep collar and transparent cuffs of white lace. So, for the present, farewell to fashions at the theatres till Easter brings in new pieces and new gowns!

FLORENCE.

## BETWEEN THE ACTS.

### AT THE GARRICK.

PRETTY WOMAN. What a wonderful man Mr. Pinero must be! How thoroughly he knows women!

OLD PLAYGOER. He evidently thinks they are not to be trusted to choose their own husbands.

P. W. You mean, he knows what men are.

O. P. Well, no husband's a hero to the modern dramatist.

P. W. Why should he be if he is not a hero to his wife? It is not an heroic age.

O. P. Unhappy marriages are certainly most popular on the stage just now.

P. W. Of course, because they make the interesting dramas of life. Happiness is not dramatic.

O. P. But, surely, every marriage is not unhappy, as this play would suggest. Of course, I speak under correction, as a mere old bachelor. I know I dine very happily with several of my married friends.

P. W. Dinner is no real test. My husband and I dined together at the Savoy to-night, yet you saw that I sent him away from my side as soon as this *entr'acte* began.

O. P. What, another unhappy marriage? Does he, too, belong to the modern class of horrid husbands against whom Mrs. Ebbsmith preaches so violently?

P. W. Not nearly so interesting. He has the terrible old-fashioned habit of being too attentive; so I send him away to avoid monotony, and get the chance of speaking to other people.

O. P. Then, may he not perhaps find cause to include you among those "unsympathetic wives" that Lucas Cleeve has been denouncing as the cause of half the misery in the world?

P. W. Rubbish! A woman is not unsympathetic because she doesn't always want to talk to her husband when she is enjoying herself.

O. P. Then—pardon my ignorance—who are these "unsympathetic women"?

P. W. The wives of the men that interest us at the moment, of course.

O. P. Ah, the cynicism of the age has spared not even you!

P. W. You mean that we, the young married women of to-day, see life as it is?

O. P. Or, as the modern novelists and playwrights make you think it is. In the old days they used to give us romance on the stage; and they sent us home dreaming, and all the happier.

P. W. And, nowadays, they try to give us truth, and make us think about the problems of life. Oh, do look at that woman over there! What a lovely frock! I wonder who made it. That's the new sleeve, you know. But tell me frankly. Of course, you adore "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; but don't you think "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," as far as we have seen, quite the most interesting play of the century?

O. P. Well, you see, the century has been going on a pretty long time now, and I confess I am not young enough to have forgotten "The Stranger," to say nothing of "The Hunchback," "The Lady of Lyons," and—

P. W. But I am talking of the real live drama. Those things had no human beings in them—no problems.

O. P. But they had plots, and I'm bothered if your modern problem-plays have.

P. W. Has actual life "plots," except, perhaps, in Russia? What we want to see on the stage now are real women like this Mrs. Ebbsmith and this Gertrude Thorpe; real men like this Lucas Cleeve and this Duke of St. Olpherts—living their lives before us, revealing their souls to us, so that through them we may be able to see deeper into the hearts and lives of the people around us, as well as ourselves.

O. P. But don't we see enough of that in real life? What good do we learn from this painful story of a cranky woman living with a weak, egoistical, sensual man in a lawless union, of which they ought both to be most heartily ashamed, under the shallow pretence that they are making examples of themselves for the good of their kind?

P. W. What good? Isn't it good to watch the gradual breaking-down of mischievously false theories, to realise the tragic futility of the revolt of these people against the social and moral laws and religion itself? And isn't it good to feel that we have a dramatist who has the daring and loftiness of mind to devote his splendid art to such a high and serious purpose, and the power to grip and absorb our interest like this? Ah! old playgoer as you are, with your loyal partiality for the plays that once entertained you, you cannot deny this.

O. P. I—I don't want to deny that I am interested—absorbed, if you like—I only say that—well, I don't quite see the use of showing us a woman like this Mrs. Ebbsmith. And she is so inconsistent, too. Why, she has only to faint, and she is a different woman at once.

P. W. Well, of course she is. That faint is a kind of symbol of her change from the fish-like creature, as she describes herself, full of fads and theories that make her crave, unknowing, for notoriety, which she mistakes for altruism, to the passionate woman, loving, and hungering for love in the "helpless, common way of women."

O. P. But what a man to love! Do you mean to tell me that a real woman with brains, even warped like this Mrs. Ebbsmith, can love a man like Lucas Cleeve, vain egoist and sensualist?

P. W. Yes; it is an awful fact to realise, but, cry out and theorise as we may, it is not the strong, unselfish, and true men, but the egoists and the sensualists that attract women, with brains or without.

O. P. Ah!—and so I've remained a bachelor. But, tell me, do you see anything else symbolical in this play?

P. W. Yes, the characters seem to me more or less symbolical of the various ideas in conflict, and I take it that that thrilling incident of throwing the Testament into the fire, and snatching it out again with the burnt hand to hug it to her breast, is also a bit of symbolism, which one might interpret as the sinning, disbelieving woman having passed through the fire, and coming out with faith and holiness. A beautiful idea!

O. P. And a wonderfully fine climax to the act.

P. W. And how magnificently Mrs. Patrick Campbell played it! Sarah Bernhardt or Duse could not have done it more superbly.

O. P. Splendid! splendid! And I have seen some fine acting in my time!

P. W. But, what a part! A woman's whole mind and complex nature laid bare in it! Only great acting could touch it.

O. P. Yes; there's genius there, in the part and the player.

P. W. What, the old playgoer waxing enthusiastic at last!

O. P. Well, of course, there's no denying it is a remarkable play.

P. W. And this last act—don't you think it a beautiful idea to show the "unsympathetic wife," from her own point of view, revealing what she had to endure from her pettily vain and greedily self-absorbed husband?

O. P. Yes, indeed; but what has become of the cynicism of the modern young married woman, eh?

P. W. I am afraid it is gone for to-night, driven away by the truth, depth, and greatness of Mr. Pinero's drama. It may return to-morrow, but to-night only the genuine woman in me answers to this play. I have seldom been so deeply moved.

O. P. A cynical little woman of the world moved to feeling, an old playgoer converted to the new drama—surely, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" must be a masterpiece!

P. W. Jack, dear, call the carriage, and take me home. M. C. S.

The Independent Theatre forges its way ahead. Under its auspices, the well-known Théâtre de l'Œuvre of Paris, under the direction of M. Lugné-Poë, is to give a series of performances at the Opéra Comique all next week. The programme will be as follows: Monday and Thursday, "Rosmersholm," followed by "L'Intruse"; on Tuesday and Friday, Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande"; on Wednesday and Saturday, "The Master Builder." There will be *matinées*, on Wednesday "Rosmersholm" and "L'Intruse," on Saturday "The Master Builder." Maeterlinck will personally superintend the production of his own plays.

Theatrical managers have, from time immemorial, been obliged to bandage with cheques the broken limbs or cracked crowns of such unfortunate members of their company as have come under the untimely notice of erratic stage-machinery. So it will be with upraising of the spirit that both sides will welcome the new system of scene-shifting by electricity. Press a button, and—Phew! Arcadia after Watteau settles itself into place. Another, and the rolling and realistic wave of melodrama undulates as if the sea-serpent himself were underneath with all his works and pumps! *Enfin!* That familiar and uneasy spirit of the stage, the carpenter, vanishes. But audiences' ears and actors' corporeal possessions are spared the daily concussion, for which—Oremus!



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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Speaker's retirement undoubtedly points to a prolongation of the session. His successor would not, as originally intended, come into office till after Easter; but Mr. Peel would hardly have retired at once, nor at all, unless he had come to the conclusion that an immediate dissolution was no longer on the cards.

## MR. SPEAKER PEEL.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the Conservative Party are unanimous in regretting the impending loss of Mr. Peel in the Chair. He was appointed in 1884, being then a Liberal member, by Mr. Gladstone's Government; but when Mr. Gladstone adopted Home Rule, Mr. Peel was re-elected as a Liberal-Unionist, both for his old constituency and for the Speakership; and he has, ever since then, been even more the choice of the Unionist Party than of the Radicals. Mr. Peel's dignity, firmness, eloquence, and social charm have made him one of the great historical Speakers of the House of Commons.

## THE OBJECTIONS TO MR. COURTNEY.

The first person who would naturally be thought of for the Speakership, after Mr. Peel, was Mr. Courtney; though, singularly enough, the *Times*, one of whose leader-writers Mr. Courtney once was, never even remembered him in its first list of possible candidates for the office, and has, since then, steadily opposed his selection. It was natural to think of Mr. Courtney, because for years he has been held up in certain quarters, and, indeed, has held himself up, as the Aristides of the House—the Just Man *par excellence*—who will insist upon holding the scales fairly between both sides, and pronouncing, as far as possible, impartially between them. Add to this that Mr. Courtney was an admirable Chairman of Committees. In that position, his natural justice, his quickness of eye, strength of voice, and rigorous firmness, gained general approval; and the terrible failure which Mr. Mellor made in the same post has only made people remember Mr. Courtney the more. But it is a mistake to think that an ideal Chairman of Committees must also be an ideal Speaker. Mr. Courtney's appointment to the Speakership has been spoken of as if it were a counsel of perfection. That is quite wide of the mark. The Speaker is the First Commoner of England. His personal popularity with all sections of the House, and his social position, even his personal appearance, are all elements in an ideal choice. Now Mr. Courtney is not handsome, he is not much of a social figure, and he is by no means as popular as he should be, if uprightness of character were the sole test of popularity. The fact is that a good many members are already tired of Aristides. The Radicals do not like him because he is too "upright" for them, the Tories because he is too much of a "model" for them.

## THE NAVY DEBATE.

Mr. Edmund Robertson scored a distinct success in introducing the Navy Estimates, in the absence of Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth. Mr. Robertson had only had a couple of days to get up the complicated figures of his subject, but the Civil Lord of the Admiralty took advantage of his opportunity, and made a great hit by the clearness and conciseness of his explanation of Lord Spencer's Programme—a Programme, by the way, which is very favourably received on the Conservative side. It is true that the Radicals have thrown aside in it a good many scruples which they professed to have when we brought in the Hamilton Programme; but we are getting used to these inconsistencies. The fact remains that a proper amount of money is again to be spent on increasing our Navy, and that is so much gained. A rather long and unproductive discussion preceded the Estimates, on a motion brought in by Mr. Arnold-Forster, professedly in the interests of the "Navy League"—a body of amateurs who seem to have some curious ideas as to how the Navy should be governed. Lord George Hamilton and others rather "sat upon" Mr. Arnold-Forster, and he certainly deserved it. His speech was crude and unconvincing, and his suggestion of a sort of naval dictator must strike most people as utterly impracticable. A clever, industrious member is Mr. Arnold-Forster, but just a little too cock-sure, and a little too brusque towards other people who differ from him, to be exactly popular in the House of Commons.

## MR. BALFOUR'S RETURN.

Mr. Balfour's return to the House, after his recovery from influenza, has been one of the few noteworthy incidents in a period of great dullness in the House. The influenza, the obvious impossibility of passing any controversial Radical legislation, and the results of the County Council elections have taken all heart out of contentious politics; and Mr. Balfour's naturally peaceable and temperate disposition typifies the recent course of public business. Meanwhile, with the new Speakership impending, both sides are only marking time. This they are enabled to do, to some extent, the more easily because of the present collapse of the Labour movement, which has been the disturbing factor since this Government came in. The defeat of the Progressives on the County Council has weakened the more official "Labour" members in Parliament, while Mr. Keir Hardie's exposure on the Unemployed Committee has completely shown up the Independents whom he represents. The result, in each case, has been to reassure the Liberals against the necessity of making terms with Socialism, which some of their counsellors had been assiduously preaching. With Home Rule and the "Labour movement" both on the shelf, the Radicals have nothing left with which to make play. There is nobody now who even murmurs "Down with the House of Lords."

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

There is only one subject of talk and discussion in the House of Commons, and that is Mr. Peel's retirement. This event has been on the cards for many months. Mr. Peel's health is not good; he is a man, I would say, both of the bilious and nervous temperament, and the death of his wife has sensibly diminished the relief to a monotonous and wearing life. Unconsciously, one finds oneself wondering how any other member of the House will look in Mr. Peel's dress. A short Speaker, a plain Speaker, a Speaker with a squeaky voice, a too fat Speaker, or a too thin Speaker—all these things would savour of the monstrous, almost of the wicked, after Mr. Peel. The present Speaker was, as it were, made and predestined and fitted and elected to be Speaker of the House of Commons. I have never been able to get over the sense of awe which Mr. Peel gives me when I come across the daily procession to the Chair in one of its stages. Mr. Peel's severe face, the white hand holding the cambric handkerchief, the upheld train, the slow and stately walk; the long, rather melancholy, but finely marked features, aquiline in cast, the lips thin and severely compressed, the expression polite, but on its guard, as it were, against possible infringements of dignity—all these things, once seen, are not easily forgotten. In the Chair, Mr. Peel was, undoubtedly, something of an autocrat. The House got accustomed to, and did not altogether dislike, a certain quick blaze of passion, which awed and, in the end, suppressed the most unruly member. Mr. Peel's temper was quick, but it was placable, and, behind the Chair, with all his firmness, he was a man of flexible, even gentle, manners. He was conservative in his notions, both of the ceremonial side of his own office and of the policy and procedure of the House of Commons. His powers were strongly exercised; but they were subject to a good deal of temperate policy, of which the House at large, that only saw the beetle-brows, the kindling eyes, the awful though extremely fine voice, had no conception. Nor is one prepared to say that a weaker Speaker would have been able to survive the stormy times to which Mr. Peel succeeded. Certainly the House was, while he was in the Chair, the most orderly of assemblies. Its latent possibilities in the other direction were seen when Mr. Mellor was its presiding officer. I shall never forget the hush of shame, almost of fear, that came over it when Mr. Peel resumed his seat after the disgraceful fracas during the Home Rule debate. Poor Mr. Mellor had been an impotent and humiliated witness of the storm which he could not control. When Mr. Peel came back, the House changed, as by magic, to the semblance of a school which had been breaking out in the temporary absence of the headmaster. In the earlier days of Mr. Peel's Speakership, indeed, people used to say that he treated the House of Commons too much like a parcel of schoolboys; but the wise man would be loth to say that such a method of discipline was not needed. The result has, at all events, justified Mr. Peel's action, and he leaves the Chair amid the acclamations of all parties, the Irishmen not excepted.

## THE NEW SPEAKER.

All the week long, talk has raged round the question of his successor. I do not think I ever heard anything more indecent or less flattering said about the gentlemen who have been freely canvassed. On the inside, the House of Commons is a very frank and rather backbiting club. People say exactly what they think about their neighbours, and these personal revelations came as an added delight when it was remembered that the backbitten one was likely shortly to step into the wig and the robes and the Chair. I must say I consider the set against Mr. Courtney, who shares with Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and Sir Matthew White Ridley the chance of election, extremely discreditable. There is not the slightest doubt he would make an admirable Speaker—that he is, in short, the best available selection. He has firmness, knowledge, patience, and good temper, if a rather stiff understanding; and he is a man of the most just and considerate mind. But the Radicals do not like him—some, apparently, on the ground that his clothes are not made at Poole's, and that his lineage is not as clear as that of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. I doubt, however, whether these superfine democrats have much weight with Sir William Harcourt, who is said to have been much amused at these representations. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman would make a good Speaker, but how he could reconcile it to his conscience to leave the Government at such a crisis and deprive his party of two votes on a division it is impossible for me to understand. Sir Matthew White Ridley would undoubtedly be a good Speaker, though he is little known to the general body of the House, and would have a difficulty, I should say, in picking out members by sight. But there is no reason why, if the Government are willing to nominate a Liberal-Unionist, a Tory should be considered to have any kind of claim.

SHE: "Do you think of me as much as you did?"

CHOLLY: "No, not quite. I'm raising a moustache now."—*New York Life*.

"Sauce for the goose" may be "sauce for the gander," but sauce sold in Lea and Perrins' bottles, and *not* their sauce, is quite another thing. At least, Mr. Justice North thought so when he granted an injunction recently against a certain West-End restaurant, which, it was proved, had adopted the custom of filling up this firm's empty bottles with other sauces. Those who prefer the genuine article will do well to ask for Lea and Perrins', and, to quote an old advertisement, "see that they get it."



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, March 16, 1895.

With the exception of the troubles of one firm of jobbers in the African Market, the account has passed off quietly, and even the firm in question, who are said to have been "bears" of Modderfonteins, Rands, and several other mines which have had big rises, have succeeded in averting an actual smash. The Bank meeting passed off with general congratulations over the end of the Baring liquidation, and a very self-evident attempt on the part of the authorities to burke any further discussion on the case of Mr. Adrian Hope and the late chief cashier. Considering that matters closely connected therewith are under consideration by the Stock Exchange Committee, it is, in our opinion, quite as well that no public discussion was allowed, for it might have prejudiced the questions which the rulers of the House have to decide, and which concern deeply the honour of the whole body.

Silver has rallied to 28d. per ounce, and the Eastern exchanges are therefore strong. By this time, of course, even the authorities have given up the absurd idea of maintaining a false value for the rupee, and the last lingering hope of the Herschell currency experiment must have expired. How grown-up men ever expected it to succeed is the wonderful thing, and shows what slow progress the world has made in these matters during the last half-century.

Americans have been, on the whole, more cheerful, and, when we come to scrutinise the traffics carefully, it is clear that signs of improving trade are evident. We have not space, dear Sir, to go into details; nor do we imagine there would be much profit in doing so, for the improvement is not very marked, and there is no certainty that it will last. The Atchison reorganisation scheme is at last said to be complete, and we understand that its main features may be summarised by saying that the 4 per cent. bonds are to be scaled down by 25 per cent., for which holders will get 40 per cent. in income bonds. The second Mortgage A and B series will be turned into preference shares, with an assessment of 4 dollars, and the ordinary shares will have to pay 10 dollars, for which they will get preference shares. There seems a fair prospect of this plan going through, for everybody must be sick of the present interregnum, and it is high time some plan was carried out.

Sir Rivers Wilson has succeeded far better than was expected in his Central Pacific mission; and the splendid way in which the secret was kept speaks volumes for the honour of those concerned. Why is it, we wonder, that decent people can keep their own counsel, but Grand Trunk secrets (such as Mr. Baker's report) are known to insiders days before the public announcement? The New York Central Company has dropped its dividend from 5 to 4 per cent., but, at present prices, the latter figure gives a good return, and it has been honestly earned.

You have often expressed a wish to see the Financial Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for whom you and your friends have so great an admiration; and, as



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

*W. H. H. W.*  
*Mr. Duguid*

you cannot come to London to interview him, we are happy to be able to send you his counterfeit presentment. He is a journalist of many years' standing, and has, at various times, been engaged on the staff of the *Mining Journal*, the *Economist*, and other papers, before the new proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* determined to inaugurate a fresh era in financial journalism, and selected Mr. Charles Duguid to conduct the revolution. No choice could have been more happy, alike for the paper and the public; for, from the day when the young editor saved the public from "Venice, Limited," to the present moment, his name has been a terror to evil-doers; and not only has he made the *Pall Mall Gazette* the chief danger in the way of dishonest promoters, but the reform in trust-company administration was, in no small measure, due to his untiring efforts on the shareholders' behalf; and there has scarcely been a scandal exposed, or an improvement in financial methods carried out, without the City

page of the *Pall Mall Gazette* having shown the way. A quiet, level-headed man, he is devoid of financial "fads," which are the curse of so many City editors, and possesses sound judgment, combined with great ability, as those who have followed his advice have reason, when they look at their bank-books, to know. For your sake, dear Sir, we hope he may long continue to preside over the City column of some great London paper.

The prospects of peace have improved the price of Chinese issues, despite the certainty that a big war indemnity loan will be required to pay Japan. Report says this will be £20,000,000 sterling, but it is early days yet to fix the amount. Turkish and Chilean stocks have been in good demand, and may be bought as sound investments, while the French market supports Spanish stock in a remarkable way, of course for the purpose of making the new loan flotation easy. Many Argentine railway debentures have gained a point or two, and we expect the prices of such securities as Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. debentures or Argentine Great Western Six per Cent. second debentures will mount surely if slowly. The best class of industrial shares continue to improve, and are attracting a class of buyers who have hitherto been able to obtain reasonable rates of interest in higher-class securities, but now find the rise in prices has been carried so far that they are driven to look for some new outlet for their savings. We still think Thomas Wallis, Ely Brothers, Telegraph Construction, and such-like shares will suit those of your friends who are in the position we have

indicated, and Assam Railway and Trading Eight per Cent. pre-preference shares are also good buying for investment.

The mining market has been active and the centre of interest; but it is now surely time, dear Sir, that you began to realise some of your profits, for the position depends entirely on Continental buying, and prices have been pushed up to such figures that reaction is inevitable. If Paris wanted to take profits, or even stopped absorbing shares, there would be a nasty slump, and it is never wise to wait until the last moment in land booms, share booms, or any other kind of booms. A fortnight ago we wrote "Hold Buffelsdoorns, and let nothing induce you to sell Knight's," and both have risen a couple of pounds since then. They may even go higher, but we advise you to realise in each case, as well as half your holdings in New Croesus and Eastleigh. The inflation has not been so much in the latter case, but the shares would suffer if there were a general set-back, and it is always well to finger profits. In short, the rise in the Kaffir Circus, speaking generally, has been so rapid, and is so dependent on Paris, that we are very anxious for yourself and your friends to take what we have made for you during the last five months, and wait a bit for another chance.

We are sending you, as requested, Mr. Wilson's little "Glossary of Colloquial and Technical Terms," which you will find very useful in explaining the slang of the market. What a pity it is that, even in a glossary, the author cannot avoid airing his "fads," as you will see when you read the notes on "Audit," "Founders' Shares," "Directors"—and, in fact, half the explanations in the book.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,  
S. Simon, Esq. LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

**THE MURCHISON UNITED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.**—We have said hard things about many Western Australian mining ventures floated here lately, but this concern seems to us well worth the investors' money. The trials of ore are not mere assays, and, so far as any new mine can be said to represent a reasonable investment, we should say the future of this venture is fairly assured.

**SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN, LIMITED.**—This well-known tobacco business has been turned into a limited company, and 267,000 shares of £1 each are being offered. It is a case of the confidence trick, for even the business transacted, much less the profits, are not disclosed, nor is there even the usual certificate that the profits show enough to more than pay a certain percentage upon the shares. It may be all right, but, if any of our readers apply for shares, it is well for them to understand that they are "going blind," and doing it in spite of many sinister stories as to the reason that the prospectus is so silent.

**MADSEN'S PATENT-FOOD COMPANY, LIMITED,** is inviting subscriptions for an indefinite number of £5 shares, to purchase, at the sum of £60,000, a patent cattle-food, which it is not even pretended is at present a profitable business. Very few people are likely to part with their money on such a prospectus, and for those few we have no pity.

**THE COURT THEATRE, LIMITED,** is being brought out with a capital, including debentures, of £75,000. The shares are a gamble, in which we would advise our readers to take no part; but the debentures (assuming the property to be mortgaged to the holders) should be safe enough. One merit, at least, this prospectus has, and that is the frank way in which it is set out that the directors are to receive from the vendor payment in shares for lending their services to the enterprise. We do not say such an arrangement inspires us with a desire to subscribe; but it is, at least, quite refreshing to see a virtue made of that which hitherto has been often done *sub rosa*. Nobody will be foolish enough to subscribe, and no harm will be done.

**THE CENTRAL EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED,** is offering 92,000 £1 shares. The concern is for work in Western Australia. The board is a good one, and the thing comes from a strong quarter. The principal property to be acquired is the "Black Flag," and, on the whole, it will be an extraordinary thing if the company cannot do well enough to get subscribers out at a profit.

**THE ROYAL SHEBA, LIMITED,** is being floated, with a capital of £50,000 in shares of £1 each, to work thirty-one mining claims near the well-known Sheba property in the De Kaap district. We don't like it, despite all Mr. Pizzighelli says in his report, for surely, instead of a string of assays which mean nothing, a good quantity of ore could have been crushed at the Sheba battery, while the statement that seventy tons have been so crushed omits to give any date, and, from the way it appears, one might almost conclude that the directors were unwilling to make themselves responsible for its truth. We don't like facts in prospectuses qualified by "it is stated that, &c."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NEMO.**—(1) We do not recommend the purchase, although, as a pure speculation, it might turn out all right. (2) For an investment we believe Central Argentine are worth buying. (3 and 4) Sell half your holdings in these mines, and hold the balance. Both are really good concerns apart from market movements. (5) Klerksdorp is the market tip; we give it to you for what it is worth.

**J. P.**—Hold your shares, and be thankful you have got into a really good concern. We can advise nothing to pay 6 per cent. with less risk.

**R. B. R.**—There is no knowing in these booming times what may happen, but we don't believe in these shares.

**W. G. H.**—We hope you have got our private letter, and that you have been able to get a copy of the *Investors' Review*.

**G. T. B.**—We are sorry for you. The concern is in liquidation, and there are no assets. Of course, the debenture has no market value. Write it off as a bad debt.

**CHEOPHYTE.**—(1) Yes, but why did you not buy when they were lower? (2) We should select the 3 per cent. Internal loan, the 1893 bonds, or the City of Mexico 5 per cent. loan for choice. (3) For many years it has been paid. (4) You can invest about £23 in the Internal bonds, £78 in the 6 per cent. loan, and £56 in the City loan as a minimum. (5) Uruguay 3½ per cent. or Turkish series D might suit you. Johannesburg Waterworks shares are a good purchase, in our opinion.

**GAMBLER.**—It is absurd to ask us for "tips" in the Kaffir Circus on the top of the recent rise. If you had followed our advice, you would now stand on velvet, but we refuse to advise purchases for purely speculative purposes on the top of the recent boom, and at a time when it is impossible to say how far former buyers may want to pocket some of their profits.

**A. E. T.**—Take some of your profits as a hedge, and be thankful. Klerksdorp is the correct tip, according to the jobbers, but we don't answer for it, and Gwelo Estate shares are said to be worth buying.

**ROSEWORTH.**—Both concerns are gambles, which we do not advise. For months we have been naming shares as worth buying which have now gone to absurd prices, and, on the top of it all, you will be rash if you rush in. If you will do it, try Gwelo Estate shares.

**CORONA.**—A pure gamble.

**BEER.**—(1) Hold Allsopps. (2) The debentures are first-rate.

**A. P. and O. F. W.**—We have sent you the address of the lottery-bond dealers, and hope our private letters have arrived. Thank you for the enclosures.